



WILLIAM & MARY DARLINGTON
MEMORIAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Wm M. Darlington



CUNNINGHAM'S WORKS.
 forming part of
 Cooke's Pocket Edition of
 the Original & Complete Works of
 SELECT BRITISH POETS.
 or Entertaining Poetical Library
 containing the most Esteemed
 Poetic Productions
 Superbly Embellished.



the Engraving for 6d.
 Engraved for C. Cooke, August 15. 1797
 R. Grubb del. W. Mackenzie sculp.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Felix ille, quem semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus undis,
interdum molli rus accipit umbra!
Siveſtrem tenui Muſam meditabor avena,

Rapin.

All-gracious Freedom ! O vouchſafe to ſmile
Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Iſle !
Far may the boughs of liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free !
For ever blaſted be that impious hand
That lops one branch from this illuſtrious tree !
Britons ! 'tis your's to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

Stanzas, &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row ;
By J. ASPIN, Lombard Street, Whitefriars ;
And ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Containing his

PASTORALS,	PROLOGUES,
FABLES,	EPILOGUES,
TALES,	EPIGRAMS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,
SONGS,	MISCELLANIES.

&c. &c. &c.

Can the deep Statesman, skilled in great design,
Protract but for a way precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Soothe with his melody insatiate Death?
No.....

What then avail's Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Level'd lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train,
Here scatter Pride on purple-painted wings,
And from the moral prospect learn how vain
The wish that sighs for visionary things!

Elgy on a File of Rubs.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Pittsburgh Library System

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by W. Bidley, from an Original Drawing.

CUNNINGHAM.

Printed for C. Cooke, Lincolns Inn Lane March 28. 1795.

LIFE OF CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born in Dublin, in the year 1729. His father followed the profession of a wine-cooper, and maintained a respectable character; though, by the pressure of expences inevitably attending the demands of a numerous family, he was often involved in circumstances of difficulty and distress.

Having obtained a prize of considerable amount in the lottery, he was so elated with his success, that, disdaining to follow the mechanical profession to which he had been trained from early life, he immediately relinquished it, commenced wine-merchant, formed an acquaintance superior to his usual level, and sacrificed to his vanity his own interest and that of his family; for his want of economy and connection soon reduced him to a state of bankruptcy.

Our Author, at the time of his father's failure, was at the grammar-school in the city of Drogheda, under the care of Mr. Clark, from whose tuition he derived all the Learning he possessed. From thence the embarrassed state of his father's affairs recalled him to Dublin, where having no certain employment, during the course of several years, he turned his views to the drama, and, at the age of seventeen, produced a piece of two acts, entitled, "Love in a Mist;" or, "The Last of Spirit;" which was performed at the Theatre Royal, received with applause, and had a considerable run.

The benefit accruing from young Cunningham's first literary effort proved a very sensible relief, and extricated him from difficulties to which he had been long and unavoidably exposed, through the very circumscribed state of his finances; and the favourable reception of his piece by the public, together with the commendation bestowed on it by the performers, induced him to become actor as well as author. Accordingly he engaged with the manager of an itinerant company of comedians, with whom he came to England, and assumed the drama, which he followed, with very few intervals of variation, during the subsequent period of his life.

He never attained to a degree of eminence as an actor, nature having denied him the essential requisites of figure, voice, and expression; though, from the strength of his mind, he discovered a just conception of his author; which induced the liberal and

discriminating part of his audience frequently to lament his want of the powers of execution. In the representation of French characters, however, he was not wholly devoid of merit. He passed two or three seasons at the theatre in Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Digges; but neither added to his fame or fortune by theatrical pursuits; though no circumstance or situation could induce him to decline them. From Edinburgh he came over to Newcastle upon Tyne; formed a connection with Mr. Slack, printer, at that place; and by his services in conducting and establishing a newspaper, so conciliated himself with his employer, that his regard for him terminated but with life.

Mr. Cunningham, in process of time, had acquired such reputation as an author, that he was solicited to leave his situation in the North of England, and accept of the invitation of some booksellers in London, by which means, through the exertion of his talents, he might have procured a livelihood more competent as well as respectable, than by the trivial pursuits which engaged his attention in the country.

This invitation, accompanied with promises of patronage, and every assurance of encouragement, at length overcame his natural supineness, and induced him to repair to London: but he no sooner arrived in the capital, than his indolence or diffidence gained the ascendant over him, so that he resolved on a speedy departure; and accordingly left town after a very short and disagreeable stay in it, and returned to join the itinerant company in the north, notwithstanding all the persuasions and entreaties of his friends to the contrary. This was the only opportunity offered him for emerging from the obscure situation in which complicated misfortunes had placed him in early life. However, his views seem not to have extended beyond a mere competence, as he could never be prevailed on to make a second attempt.

We shall introduce some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Cunningham, at Scarborough, to a theatrical friend (Mr. Lewis) in London, in which our Author may be said to have drawn his own character. They are as follow:

“ I reproach myself severely for my *general indolence*. Mr. Davies, the Bookseller, does me honour by his proposal. I am solicited daily both from Edinburgh and Newcastle, to the same purpose; at both which places I think I might depend on general subscriptions (nay, in most of the northern towns I have a sort of acquainted interest) but I have some *diffidence*, and, as I observed above, much *indolence*; so that I have never yet come to a determination. I should be happy in a *correspondence* with Mr.

Davies; and as he is supplied with French articles, should like to divert myself with translation. I am fond, you know, of the French. I remember you liked *The Rose and Butterfly*, I imitated from *La Motte*.

“ You may remember my last expedition to London: I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I consider it as my duty, it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be weary of it. I am not enterprising, and tolerably happy in my present situation.

“ I am afraid I shall not compass my *Collection of Fugitives* this winter; but, after a tedious fit of *idleness*, I scribbled up an affair within these few days, which I call an *Apologue*,” &c. &c.

These passages may be truly said to mark the man, as they exhibit the most prominent traits of his character, drawn by himself. The life of Cunningham, indeed, was barren of incident, and so uniform, that it affords very little matter for entertainment. There is, however, a little anecdote related of him, which gave birth to a very humorous impromptu.

Cunningham lodged at the *Golden Lion Inn* at Scarborough, in the summer of the year 1765. The landlord was a meek, passive husband; and the landlady a very termagant. It happened, on a certain occasion, that the lady's temper was ruffled by a trivial incident that occurred, and as no soothing could restrain the impetuosity of her passion, she burst into violent exclamations; nor did either husband, guests, or servants, escape the fury of her clamorous tongue. The Poet, whose placid temper ill suited with the vehemence of this virago, left the house, and taking the landlord with him into the street, pointed to the sign, and uttered these words:

Friend W..... if you would get rid of a scold,
And live without trouble and strife;
I'd advise you to take down your lion of gold,
And hang up your brazen-fac'd wife.

He afterwards varied these lines, according to the form which may be seen amongst the verses entitled, “ *The Postscript*.”

Some months before our Author paid the debt of nature, a nervous fever rendered him incapable of any exertion, theatrical or poetical. This afflicting stroke afforded his friend Mr. Slack an opportunity for the display of his humanity and benevolence. He received him into his house; where he was attended with the utmost care, and supplied with every thing which his condition

required. After languishing some time under his friend's hospitable roof, apprehending the approach of his dissolution, he conceived a design of destroying all his papers, which he soon effected, by committing them to the flames. Mr. Slack, alarmed at the blaze, hastened to the room in which Cunningham lay, and expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a circumstance, the poor Bard, almost breathless, pointing to the fire, whispered, *There ! There !*

He testified his grateful sense of the benevolence of his friend Slack, who so liberally supplied his wants, and softened the rigour of his last illness, in the following lines, addressed to a particular acquaintance, which strongly indicate the impression of his mind on the melancholy occasion:

The drama and I have shook hands,
We're parted, no more to engage ;
Submissive, I met her commands,
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more,
My mornings of pleasure are fled ;
'Tis painful my fate to endure ;
A pension supplies me with bread.

Dependent at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise ;
I conquer my pride as I can ;
His charity merits my praise.

His bounty proceeds from his heart ;
'Tis principle prompts the supply ;
His friendship exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

While he lingered under the disorder which put a period to his existence, he was supposed to have had intervals of delirium; from the incoherence of what he frequently uttered, and particularly from his repetition of the following words, of which the sense is very obscure:

Why was this irksome being forced upon me ?
Incapable of choice, I sought it not.
Where is then the boasted mercy men allow you,
Since not to be avoided I am wretched ?

Our Author expired at Newcastle on the 18th of September, 1773, and was interred in St. John's church-yard ; where, to perpetuate his memory, Mr. Slack, whose friendly offices extended beyond the limits of mortality, erected a tombstone with the following inscription :

Here lie the Remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Of his excellence
 As a Pastoral Poet,
 His Works will remain a Monument
 For Ages
 After this temporary Tribute of Esteem
 Is in Dust forgotten.

He died in Newcastle, September 18, 1773,
 Aged 44.

To form a judgment of Mr. Cunningham's poetical merit, it will be necessary to refer to his Works. The *pastoral* seems to have been his favourite theme, in which his compositions place him in a very respectable line. Indeed, that species of writing appears to have been congenial to his disposition, which was remarkably mild and placid, but rather inclined to despondency. His deportment was modest and unassuming; and his general character such as recommended him to the esteem of the small circle of friends with whom he was conversant.

The only tribute paid to Mr. Cunningham's merit as a Poet, is the inscription on the tombstone erected to his memory by his friend Mr. Slack; his Biographers have passed it over in silence, not adverting to one of the many beauties with which his writings abound: we shall therefore take the liberty of pointing out some passages, as proofs of his excellence in that species of poetry to which his genius was so happily adapted.

In what a picturesque manner does our Author display the enlivening effects of Summer after a severe and rigorous winter, in the following lines of his Landscape!

Now that summer's ripen'd bloom,
 Frolics where the winter frown'd
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
 Humble dales and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

The approach of May is no less beautifully described by the same tuneful Bard:

From the west as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine,

The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide ;
For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array ;
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
Their music is taught them by May.

The pastoral poetry of Cunningham possesses an elegant simplicity, and indicates a strong and lively fancy ; it abounds with images painted from nature, and exhibits all the beauties of rural scenery. We have selected the following from his Pastorals, of Morning, Noon, and Evening :

MORNING.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.
Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night ;
And the lark, to meet the Morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood
Now the Noontide radiance glows :
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.
Now the hill, the hedge is green ;
Now the warbler's throat's in tune ;
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free (the furrow'd task is done ;)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.
As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the Ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud.

His Elegy on a Pile of Ruins, in imitation of Gray, is written with as much spirit, and possesses many poetical beauties. In the opening of the Poem, he has given a very lively picture of the romantic ruins of the Abbey and Castle of Roslin :

In the full prospect yonder hill commands
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The vestige of an ancient Abbey stand,
Close by a ruin'd Castle's rude remains.

LIFE OF CUNNINGHAM

Here buried there, lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn, o'erthrown by time;
And many a chernub there descends in dust,
From the rent roof and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reveread shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And, ashlings wasted from the neighbouring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

From a familiarity of genius, our Author conciliated the
esteem of Mr. Shenstone, at whose instance he is said to have
turned his thoughts to Pastoral Poetry. From his Corydon,
inspired to the memory of his deceased friend, we transcribe
the following lines.

Come, Shepherds! we'll follow the herds,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him, the Pride of the Plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rouse their cell.

Ye Lamblins that play'd at his feet,
Go, bleat and your master bercean;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.



PASTORALS.

DAY : A PASTORAL.

.....Carpe diem. *Hor.*

MORNING.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet, perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock)
Jocund that the Morning's nigh.

4

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

8

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the Morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

12

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chattering swallow spring ;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

16

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale ;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daiesies in the dewy dale.

20

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task is done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

24

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,

PASTORALS.

Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills. 13 28

VIII.

Colin, from the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe. 32

IX.

Sweet—O sweet the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day. 36

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the Noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose, 40

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat. 44

XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall. 48

XIII.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill. 52

XIV.

Cattle court the Zephyrs bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool. 56

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring Zephyr springs,
Fearful lest the Noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

60

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir;
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

64

XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending show'r,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.

68

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

72

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free—(the furrow'd task is done)—
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

76

XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the resplendent dye?

80

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

84

XXII.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,

PASTORALS.

To their high-built airy beds 35
See the rooks returning home ! 28

XXIII.

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carrols to the Ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud ! 92

XXIV.

How the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake,
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake ! 96

XXV.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings. 100

XXVI.

Tripping thro' the silken grass
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well pois'd milking-pail. 104

XXVII.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting-sun adieu. 108

PALEMON :
A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, seated by his favourite maid,
The sylvan scenes with ecstacy survey'd ;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day :
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize, 5
Reluctant in his turn Alexis tries.

PALEMON. This breeze by the river, how charming and soft !
How smooth the grass carpet ! how green !

Sweet, sweet sings the lark ! as he carrols aloft
 His music enlivens the scene. 10
 A thousand fresh flow'rets, unusually gay,
 The fields and the forests adorn ;
 I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
 And could not find one with a thorn. 14

ALEXIS. The skies are quite clouded, too bold
 Dull vapours descend on the plain ; [is the breeze,
 The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
 The birds cannot compass a strain :
 In search for a chaplet my temples to bind
 All day as I silently rove, 20
 I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
 In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON. I ne'er saw the hedge in such excel-
 The lambkins so wantonly gay ; [lent bloom,
 My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,
 And brighter than common the day. 26
 If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask
 So rich why the landscapes appear ?
 To give a right answer, how easy my task !
 Because my sweet Phillida's here. 30

ALEXIS. The stream that so muddy moves slow-
 Once roll'd in a beautiful tide ; [ly along,
 It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
 But Daphne sat then by my side. 34
 See, see the lov'd maid ! o'er the meadows she hies ;
 Quite alter'd already the scene !
 How limpid the stream is ! how gay the blue skies !
 The hills and the hedges, how green ! 36

POMONA :

A PASTORAL.

On the Cyder-Bill being passed.

I.

FROM orchards of ample extent
 Pomona's compell'd to depart,
 And thus as in anguish she went,
 The goddess unburthen'd her heart :

II.

“ To flourish where Liberty reigns
 “ Was all my fond wishes requir’d,
 “ And here I agreed with the swains
 “ To live till their freedom expir’d.

8

III.

“ Of late you have number’d my trees,
 “ And threaten’d to limit my store :
 “ Alas ! from such maxims as these
 “ I fear that your freedom’s no more,

12

IV.

“ My flight will be fatal to May ;
 “ For how can her gardens be fine ?
 “ The blossoms are doom’d to decay,
 “ (The blossoms I mean that were mine.)

16

V.

“ Rich Autumn remembers me well ;
 “ My fruitage was fair to behold !
 “ My pears—how I ripen’d their swell !
 “ My pippins—were pippins of gold !

20

VI.

“ Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs ;
 “ She droops as she furrows the soil :
 “ A nectar I shake from my boughs ;
 “ A nectar that softens my toil !

24

VII.

“ When Bacchus began to repine,
 “ With patience I bore his abuse ;
 “ He said that I plunder’d the vine ;
 “ He said that I pilfer’d his juice.

28

VIII.

“ I know the proud drunkard denies
 “ That trees of my culture should grow :
 “ But let not the traitor advise ;
 “ He comes from the climes of your foe.

32

IX.

“ Alas ! in your silence I read
 “ The sentence I’m doom’d to deplore ;
 “ ’Tis plain the great Pan has decreed
 “ My orchard shall flourish no more.”

36

X.

The goddesses flew off in despair,
As all her sweet honours declin'd,
And Plenty and Pleasure declare
They'll loiter no longer behind.

40

DELIA:

A PASTORAL.

I.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide
Divides the whisp'ring waves.

4

'The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be ;
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

8

II.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd
That held her callow young :

12

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood must be ;
But not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

16

III.

The roses that my brows surround
Were natives of the dale ;
Scarce pluck'd, and in the garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale !

20

My vital bloom would thus be froze
If luckless torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

24

IV.

'Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair !

The birds to Delia I'll bestow ;
They're like her bosom, fair !

28

When in their chaste connubial love
My secret with she'll see,
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove
May Delia share with me !

32

DAMON AND PHILLIS, A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Donec gratus eram, &c.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair ;
But, ah ! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows ! 4
To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess flies,
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHIL. Beshink you, false Damon ! before you
upbraid :

When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, Poor Phillis
forgot !

And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot.
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize ; 11
'Tis Phœbe not Phillis lays claim to your sighs.

DAM. Like summer's full season young Phœbe is
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind ! [kind ;
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn ; 15
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the Morn !
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful and deign'd to be mine.

PHIL. On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise !
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day, 21
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the
spray ;

Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon the rover were constant and kind.

DAM. Fine folks, my sweet Phillis! may revel
 and range,
 But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change!
 In the villager's cottage such constancy springs, 27
 - That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
 To the church then let's hasten, our transports to
 bind,
 And Damon will always prove faithful and kind. 30
 PHIL. To the church then let's hasten, our trans-
 ports to bind,
 And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind. 32

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

I.

COME, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid!
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid. 4

They call'd him the Pride of the Plain;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!
 He mark'd on his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind. 8

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never would rifle their cell. 12

Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own. 16

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year. 20

There Contemplation to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude composed and aspect sweet,
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the memento at her feet.
Cunningham Vide Eliza on a Hill of Ruins page 21.
From the Eliza on a Hill of Ruins by R. S. Satchell



PASTORALS.

21

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges, so vocal before!)
Since he that should welcome the spring
Salutes the gay season no more.

24

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd—they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?

28

Ye Shepherds! henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

32

CORYDON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL.

I.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day,
And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove
Among the fresh violets lay;

4

A youngling, it seems, had been stol'n from its dam
(Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,)
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

8

II.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise:
“Ye Gods! if so killing,” he cry'd, “when she
“I'm lost when she opens her eyes! [sleeps,

“To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
“I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace.
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For Love had him nail'd to the place.

16

III.

“Hush, hush'd be these birds; what a bawling
they keep!”
He cry'd, “you're too loud on the spray:

"Don't you see, foolish Lark! that the charmer's
asleep?"

"You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day. 20

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
maid!

"Her cheek he mistakes for the rose:

"I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid

"My boldness would break her repose." 24

IV.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:

"Kind Shepherd," she said, "you mistake;

"I laid myself down just to rest me awhile,

"But, trust me, have still been awake." 28

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow;
He plac'd himself close by her side,
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride. 32

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,

As 'wilder'd and weary'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,

And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home. 4

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor, [crown'd
Her raiment sweet woodbines crept wantonly
And deck'd the sod seats at her door. [round,

II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;

While thrown from my guard by some glances she
cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast. 12

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins! her voice was divine!)

PASTORALS.

23

"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
"But take me, fond shepherd---I'm thine." 16

III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms !
-I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms. 20

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if by yon' prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream. 24

IV.

Together we range o'er the flow-riding hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
And point out new themes for my Muse. 28

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire ;
The damsel's of humble descent :
The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content. 32

THE RESPITE :

A PASTORAL.

AH ! what is it to me that the grasshopper sings ?
Or what that the meadows are fair ?
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
The butterflies flaunt it in air ? 4

Ye Birds ! I'll no longer attend to a lay ;
Your haunts in the forest resign :
Shall you with your true-loves be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine ? 8

II.

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite
We twist'd a blooming alcove,
And oft has my Damon with smiles of delight
Declar'd it the mantle of love. 12

The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,

Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows. 16

III.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd ;
We call it—the King of the Grove ;
He swore a light breeze should its centre divide
When he was not true to his love. 20

Come, come, gentle Zephyr ! in justice descend ;
His falsehood you're bound to display :
This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
For Damon has left me—a day. 24

IV.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick
Prepar'd to make Phillida blest'd ; [tree,
And clasping the maid from an heart full of glee,
The cause of his absence confess'd. 28

High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
Too often repeated, would cloy ;
And Respite he found were the means to improve,
And lengthen the moments of joy. 32

A PASTORAL*.

I.

WHERE the fond Zephyr thro' the woodbine
plays,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient, for 'tis past the promis'd hour. 4

II.

Lend me thy light, O ever sparkling star,
Bright Hesper ! In thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid. 8

III.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night. 12

* The hint of this Pastoral was taken from the Seventh Idyllium of
Mœchus, translated by Dr. Broome.

IV.

The moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud ;
 Her smiles so gracious I no longer view :
 Let her remain behind that envious shroud ;
 My hopes, bright Hesperus! depend on you. 16

V.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast ;
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee :
 Hear then what Love and Innocence request,
 And shed your kindest influence on me. 20

VI.

Thee, Venus loves, first twinkler of the sky,
 Thou art her star in golden radiance gay !
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye ;
 Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way. 24

VII.

I see the darling of my soul—my love !
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell :
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove.
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell ! 28

A PASTORAL HYMN

TO JANUS.

On the Birth of the Queen.

*Te primum pia thura rogent...te vota saluent,
te colat omnis homos. Mart. ad Janum.*

I.

TO Janus, gentle Shepherds! raise a shrine ;
 His honours be divine !
 And as to mighty Pan, with homage bow :
 To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring ;
 Let him be hail'd like the green-livery'd Spring,
 Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow. 6

II.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
 Glides wontonly away :
 But January, † in his rough-spun vest,

† This little Poem was written on the supposition that Her Majesty's birthday was really in the month of January.

Boasts the full blessings that can never fade ;
 He that gave birth to the illustrious maid
 Whose beauties make the British monarch blest ! 12

III.

Could the soft Spring, with all her sunny showers,
 The frolic nurse of flowers !
 Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
 Could they produce a finish'd piece so rare ?
 Or from his golden stores a gift so fair,
 Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd ? 18

IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay,
 As the white-hawthorn'd May !
 The laughing goddess of the spring disown'd,
 Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear :
 Old Janus, as he leads, shall fill the year,
 And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd. 24

V.

Above the other months supremely blest !
 Glad Janus stands confess'd,
 He can behold, with retrospective face,
 The mighty blessings of the year gone by ;
 Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
 Assembled ev'ry Glory, ev'ry Grace ! 30

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
 The golden hours appear,
 As in the sacred reign of Saturn fair :
 Britain shall prove, from this propitious date,
 Her honours perfect, victories complete,
 And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir. 36



FABLES.

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR:

A FABLE.

AS an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd, "Bless your good Worship, where-ever you
go!

"I hope your great Mightiness won't take it ill 5

"I pay my respects with a hearty good will."

With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,

"Begone, you vile reptile!" his Antship reply'd.

"Go, go and lament your contemptible state;

"But first—look at me—see my limbs, how com-
plete! 10

"I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,

"Run backward and forward, and turn when I
please.

"Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!

"I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my
way."

The reptile, insulted, and vex'd to the soul, 15
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu'd with the harvest, and tugging his load,)
The beau on a violet bank he beheld, 21
Whose gesture in glory a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay, 25
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away:

"Stop, friend," says the butterfly—"don't be
surpris'd;

"I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;

"But now I can mount ; in the sunbeams I play,
 "While you must for ever drudge on in your
 "way." 30

MORAL.

A wretch tho' to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
 May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-
 morrow. 32

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY :

A FABLE.

AT day's early dawn, a gay Butterfly spy'd
 A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride ;
 She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
 And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers would do ;
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true. 6
 It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
 The bloom of a Rose, passes quickly away,
 And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies ;
 From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies ; 11
 Nor did he revisit his bride till the sun
 Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him—"Already so
 cold !

"How feign'd, O you false one! the passion you told !
 "'Tis an age since you left me." She meant a few
 hours ; 16

But such we'll suppose the fond language of flow'rs.

"I saw when you gave the base vi'let a kiss :

"How, how could you stoop to a meanness like
 this ?

"Shall a low little wretch, whom we roses despise,

"Find favour, O Love! in my Butterfly's eyes? 21

"On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond rape,

"Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape :

"Dull daffodils, too, were with ardour address'd ;

"And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd." 25

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a
sneer, [my dear!

“That you're first to complain, I commend you,
“But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
“And if I'm inconstant I copy from you.

“I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms; 30

“I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;

“The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown;

“You favour'd besides—Oh dishonour!—a drone:

“Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,

“Your sweets were made common, false Rose! to
“a fly.” 35

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquette should be curs'd with a rake. 37

THE SHEEP AND BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A FABLE.

A Thick-twisted Brake, in the time of a storm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a Sheep;
So snug for a while he lay shelter'd and warm,
It quietly sooth'd him asleep. 4

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at
peace,

The Sheep to his pasture inclin'd;
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece;
His coat's left a forfeit behind. 8

My Friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Consider before you get in;
Tho' judgment and sentence are pass'd on your side,
By Jove! you'll be fleec'd to the skin. 12

THE FOX AND CAT:

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:

“Tis great,” says the Fox, “to make justice our
guide!”

“How godlike is mercy!” Grimalkin reply'd. 4

While thus they proceeded--a wolf from the wood
 Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
 Rush'd forth--as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
 And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched Victim! for mercy you bleat :
 "When mutton's at hand," says the wolf, "I must
 "eat." 10

Grimalkin's astonish'd--the Fox stood aghast,
 To see the fell beast at his bloody repast. [brutes!
 "What a Wretch!" says the Cat--,"Tis the vilest of
 "Does he feed upon flesh when there's herbage--
 and roots?"

Cries the Fox--"While our oaks give us acorns for
 good, 15

"What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
 still,

Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a
 mill :

Sly Reynard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
 And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize. 20

A mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to
 stray,

The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A spider, that sat in her web on the wall,
 Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall.
 She cry'd--"Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
 So ran to regale on a new-taken fly. 26

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
 But tax not ourselves tho' we practise the same. 28



TALES.

THE THRUSH AND PIE :

A TALE.

CONCEAL'D within a hawthorn bush,
We're are told, that an experienc'd Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of spring,
Many a neighb'ring bird to sing :
She caroll'd, and her various song
Gave lessons to the listening throng :
But (th'entangling boughs between)
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

5

At length the little wondering race
Would see their fav'rite face to face :
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide,
O'er-inodest worth's peculiar fault.
Another shade the tut'refs sought,
And, loth to be too much admir'd,
In secret from the bush retir'd.

10

15

An impudent, presuming Pie,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—" My friends, you see
" The mistress of the choir in me ;
" Here be your due devotion paid ;
" I am the songstrefs of the shade."

20

A linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,
Made the impostor this reply :

25

" I fancy, friend ! that vulgar throats
" Were never form'd for warbling notes ;
" But if these lessons came from you,
" Repeat them in the public view :
" That your assertions may be clear,
" Let us behold as well as hear."

30

The length'ning song, the soft'ning strain,
Our chatt'ring Pie attempts in vain;
For, to the fool's eternal shame,
All she could compass was a scream.

35

The birds, enrag'd around her fly,,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :
The caitiff wretch distress'd forlorn.
On ev'ry side is peck'd and torn,
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks she dies.

40

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E....., the tale apply :
You are yourself—the chatt'ring Pie.
Repent; and, with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Truth.

45

48

THE PICTURE:

A TALE.

A Portrait, at my Lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand,
For dabblers in the nice *verru*
His Lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their Connoisseurships tell
Whether the work was finish'd well.
“Why,” says the loudest, “on my word,
“’Tis not a likeness, good my Lord ;
“Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
“Can I pronounce one feature just.”
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd ;
The judges were again besought
Each to deliver what he thought.
“Worse than the first”—the critics bawl ;
“Oh what a mouth ! how monstrous small !
“Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin !
“See what a most prepos't'rous chin !”

5

10

15

After remonſtrance made in vain,
 " I'll," ſays the Painter, " once again
 " (If my good Lord vouchſafes to ſit)
 " Try for a more ſucceſſful hit;
 " If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
 " We'll have a piece to pleaſe you all."
 To-morrow comes—a Picture's plac'd
 Before thoſe ſpurious ſons of Taſte—
 In their opinions all agree
 This is the vileſt of the three.
 " Know—to confute your envious pride,"
 His Lordſhip from the canvas cry'd,
 " Know—that it is my real face
 " Where you could no reſemblance trace :
 " I have try'd you by a lucky trick,
 " And prov'd your genius to the quick.
 " Void of all judgment—juſtice—ſenſe,
 " Out—ye pretending varlets!—hence."
 The Connoiſſeurs depart in haſte,
 Deſpis'd—detected—and diſgrac'd.

20

25

30

38

THE WITCH:

A TALE.

A Witch that from her ebon chair
 Could hurl deſtruction thro' the air,
 Or, at her all-commanding will,
 Make the tumultuous ocean ſtill,
 Once by an incantation fell,
 (As the recording Druids tell)
 Pluck'd the round moon, whoſe radiant light
 Silver'd the ſober moon of night,
 From the domain ſhe held above,
 Down to a dark infernal grove.
 " Give me," the goddeſs cry'd, " a cauſe.
 " Why you diſturb my ſecret laws.
 " Look at my train—yon wond'ring hoſt,
 " See how the trembling ſtars are loſt !

5

10

"Thro' the celestial regions wide
 "Why do they range without a guide?
 "Chaos from our confusion may
 "Hope for his old detested sway."
 "I'm," says the Witch, "severely cross'd;
 "Know that my fav'rite squirrel's lost!
 "Search, for I'll have creation torn,
 "If he's not found before the morn."

15

20

25

30

34

Soon as the impious charge was giv'n,
 From the tremendous stores of heav'n,
 Jove, with a bolt revengeful red,
 Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves, to pity blind,
 With pow'r enough to plague mankind,
 That, for their own nefarious ends,
 Tread upon Freedom and her Friends,
 Let 'em beware the Witch's fate;
 When their presumption's at the height,
 Jove with his angry pow'rs assume,
 And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.



ODES.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

I.

CEASE, gentle Sounds ! nor kill me quite
With such excess of sweet delight ;
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills thro' ev'ry vital part ;
A soft—a pleasing pain
Pursues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein.
What—what does the enchantment mean ?
Ah ! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

5

II.

Now, wild with fierce desire,
My breast is all on fire !
In soften'd raptures, now I die !
Can empty sound such joys impart ?
Can Music thus transport the heart
With melting ecstasy ?
O, Art divine ! exalted blessing !
Each celestial charm expressing !
Kindest gift the gods bestow !
Sweetest good that mortals know !

10

15

III.

When seated in a verdant shade
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd,
The distant trees forsake the wood,
The list'ning beasts neglect their food,
To hear the heav'nly sound ;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Naiads quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

20

25

IV.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ :
See what soft harmony can do !
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew.

30

Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,
 His were the chaplet of immortal bays :
 Apollo's harp unknown,
 The shepherd had remain'd of song
 The deity alone.

37

A BIRTH-DAY ODE,

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

HARK—how the soul of Music reigns,
 As when the first great birth of nature sprung!
 When Chaos burst his massy chains,
 'Twas thus the cherubs sung :

AIR.

Hail—hail ! from this auspicious morn
 Shall British glories rise ;
 Now are the mighty treasures born
 That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
 And lift her to the skies.

5

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
 His lofty clarions roar,
 Till warlike Echo fills with dread
 The hostile Gallic shore.

10

AIR.

Mark—how his name with terror fills !
 The magic sound Rebellion kills,
 And brightens all the northern hills,
 Where pallid Treasons dwell ;
 The monster shall no more arise,
 Upon the ground she panting lies ;
 Beneath his William's foot she dies,
 And now she sinks to hell.

15

20

RECITATIVE.

Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly strung,
 And after mighty George be William sung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
 William stands the first in story ;

25

ODES.

He with British ardour glows :
See—the pride of Gallia fading !
See—the youthful warrior leading
Britons vengeful to their foes ?

RECITATIVE.

Fair is the olive-branch Hibernia boasts,
Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts :
While Stanhope smiles her sons are blest,
In native loyalty confest.

AIR.

See—O see, thrice happy isle !
See what gracious George bestow'd ;
Twice * have you seen a Stanhope smile :
These are gifts become a god !

How the grateful island glows !
Stanhope's name shall be rever'd,
Whilst by subjects and by foes
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.

Like Persians, to the rising sun
Respectful homage pay ;
At George's birth our joys begun ;
Salute the glorious day !

AN ODE,

For the Birth-day of the King of Prussia.

Arma virumque cano. Virg.

RECITATIVE.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
That thro' the starry regions strays,
From Zembla to the torrid Zone
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

AIR.

I.

Be banish'd from the books of Fame,
Ye deeds in distant ages done !
Lost and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal or Philip's son.

* Earl of Chesterfield and Earl of Harrington, both successively Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland.

Could Greece or conqu'ring Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king ?

10

II.

Where restless Envy can't explore,
Or flatter'd Hope presume to fly,
Fate bad victorious Fred'rick soar
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapids bolts tremendous break
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blasts that shake
The bosom of the frightened sea.
Could Greece, &c.

15

IV.

In vain to shake the throne of Jove
With impious rage the Giants try'd ;
'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

20

V.

While Prudence guides his chariot-wheels,
Thro' Virtue's sacred paths they roll ;
Immortal Truth his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

25

VI.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields
In concert with her brave ally,
Saves her fair Roses in the fields
Where Gaul's detested Lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

30

VII.

The jocund bowl let Briton's raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth ;
Fill—to great Fred'rick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece or conqu'ring Carthage sing
A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's king ?

35

38

AN ODE,

Composed for the Birth-day of the late General Blakeney.

I.

THE Muses' harps, by Concord strung,
 Loud let them strike the festal lay,
 Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
 To hail her hero's natal day.

Arise, paternal Glory! rise,
 And lift you Blakeney to the skies.

5

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!
 Like Britain's oak, the hero stands
 The shield, the shelter of the brave,
 The guardian o'er the British bands.

10

Arise, paternal, &c.

III.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's† brows,
 Which Fraud or Faction planted there:
 France to the gallant hero bows,
 And Europe's chiefs his name revere.

15

Arise paternal, &c.

IV.

With partial conquest on their side,
 The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!
 Rank but inglorious, in their pride,
 To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few.

20

Arise, paternal, &c.

V.

Hibernia‡, with maternal care,
 His labour'd statue lifts on high:
 Be partial, Time—the trophy spare,
 That Blakeney's name may never die.

Arise, paternal Glory! rise,

And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

27

† Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port-Mahon.

‡ A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney,
 who was a native of Ireland.



SONGS.

MAY - EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

I.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kifs reflected light.

4

To beds of state go, balmy Sleep!
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

8

II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.

12

Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

16

III.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.

20

And see the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond Bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

24

IV.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:

28

For see, the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin queen ;
 And, hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

32

KITTY FELL.

I.
 THE courtly bard, in verse sublime,
 May praise the toasted belle ;
 A country maid (in careless rhyme)
 I sing—my Kitty Fell !

4

II.
 When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
 And Love's sweet numbers swell,
 My pipe shall join their morning strain
 In praise of Kitty Fell.

8

III.
 Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
 And noontide beams repel,
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
 And sing of Kitty Fell.

12

IV.
 When moon-beams dance among the boughs
 That lodge sweet Philomel,
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
 And pant for Kitty Fell.

16

V.
 The pale-fac'd pedant burns his books,
 The sage forsakes his cell,
 The soldier smooths his martial looks,
 And sighs for Kitty Fell.

20

VI.
 Were mine, ye Great ! your envy'd lot,
 In gilded courts to dwell,
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot
 With Love and Kitty Fell.

24

PHILLIS :

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I.

I Said, on the banks by the stream
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long ;
 Oh grant me, ye muses ! a theme
 Where glory may brighten my song.

4

But Pan† bade me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse.
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

8

II.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis's bloom ;
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume.

12

The dew-drop, so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies,
 Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

16

III.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
 Its freshness with her's to compare,
 And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
 The flow'ret was equally fair.

20

How, Corydon, could you mistake ?
 Your fault be with sorrow confess'd ;
 You said the white swans of the lake
 For softness might rival her breast.

24

IV.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along :
 Ye Poets ! I covet no bays ;
 She smil'd—a reward for my song !

28

† The Author intended the character of Pan for the late Mr. Shenstone, who favoured him with a letter or two, advising him to proceed in the Pastoral manner.

I find the god Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair-one's applause!
 And Cupid must crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

32

FANNY OF THE DALE.

I.

LET the declining damask rose
 With envious grief look pale;
 The summer bloom more freely glows
 In Fanny of the Dale?

4

II.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
 Or scents the morning gale,
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield
 As Fanny of the Dale?

8

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
 Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
 How faint their beauties when compar'd
 With Fanny of the Dale.

12

IV.

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
 Her fond advances fail;
 For Damon pays his warmest vows
 To Fanny of the Dale.

16

V.

Might honest truth at last succeed,
 And artless Love prevail,
 Thrice happy could he tune his reed
 With Fanny of the Dale.

20

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

I.

NO longer, Daphne! I admire
 The graces in thine eyes;
 Continu'd coyness kills desire,
 And famish'd passion dies.

4

Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of disdain,
You scorn'd my am'rous tale.

8

II.

When Celia cry'd, "How senseless she
" That has such vows refus'd!
" Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
" It had been kinder us'd.

12

" The man's a fool that pines and dies
" Because a woman's coy:
" The gentle bliss that one denies
" A thousand will enjoy."

16

III.

Such charming words, so void of art,
Surprising rapture gave;
And though the maid subdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a slave.

20

A wretch condemn'd shall Daphne prove,
While, blest'd without restraint,
In the sweet calender of love,
My Celia stands—a saint.

24

AMPHITRYON.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRYON and his Bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast:
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
Enraptur'd, thus the happy hero sung:

5

AIR.

Was mighty Jove, descending
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine:

10

His shafts of bolted thunder
 With boldness I'd deride :
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder
 The hearts that love has ty'd,

14

RECITATIVE.

The Thund'rer heard ; he look'd with vengeance
 down,

Till Beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.

The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes

Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies :

He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,

And punished his presumption in her arms. 20

AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure

Who reveals it not when won :

Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;

Boast it ; and the fool's undone !

24

Learn by this, unguarded lover !

When your secret sighs prevail,

Not to let your tongue discover

Raptures that you should conceal.

28

THYRSIS.

I.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,

In drowsy fetters bound,

And Fairy elves in circles trod

The daisy-painted ground ;

4

When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,

Of slighted vows to tell,

And thus (to sooth neglected love)

Invok'd sad Philomel :

8

II.

“ The stars their silver radiance shed,

“ And silence charms the plain ;

“ But where's my Philomela fled

“ To sing her love-lorn strain ?

12

" Hither, ah ! gentle Bird ! in haste
 " Direct thy hov'ring wing ;
 " The vernal green's a dreary waste
 " Till you vouchsafe to sing.

16

III.

" So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
 " (Thy warbling song distress'd !)
 " The tear that tells the lover's woe
 " Falls cold upon my breast.

20

" To hear sad Philomel complain
 " Will soften my despair ;
 " Then quickly swell the melting strain,
 " And sooth a lover's care."---

24

IV.

" Give up all hopes, unhappy Swain !"
 A list'ning sage reply'd,
 " For what can Constancy obtain
 " From unrelenting Pride ?"

28

The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant Death
 Had seiz'd his trembling frame :
 He bow'd, and with departing breath
 Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

32

A MAN TO MY MIND.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins
 despis'd,
 To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd.
 I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
 (I wish not for fortune) A Man to my Mind ?

4

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace ;
 Not the squire that can wake to no joys but the chase ;
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
 bind :

Neither this---that---nor t'other's The Man to my
 Mind.

8

III.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topes world without
end ;

Not the drone who cann't relish his bottle and friend ;
Not the fool that's too fond ; nor the churl that's
unkind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the Man to my
IV. [Mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or
merit ;

Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit ; 14

Not the fine master fribble the scorn of mankind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's The Man to my
V. [Mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may con-
spire, [admire ;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
In whose heart love and truth are with honour com-
bin'd : 19

This—this—and no other's The Man to my Mind.

THE MILLER :

A BALLAD.

I.

IN a plain little cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows, a freehold estate,
A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies :
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are Health and Content ;
Their Lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
He's honest, tho' daub'd by the dust of his Mill. 3

II.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May ;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair. 12
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill ;
Contented he works if there's grist for his Mill. 16

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray.
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food ;
 Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good. 20
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
 Then reels to his pillow and dreams of no ill :
 No monarch more blest'd than The Man of the
 Mill. 24

THE SYCAMORE SHADE :

A BALLAD.

I.

T'OTHER day, as I sat in the Sycamore Shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along ;
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue. 4
 “ Silly heart ! ” I cry'd, “ Fy ! what a flutter is
 here !
 “ Young Damon designs you no ill :
 “ The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear ;
 “ Then pry'thee, fond Urchin ! lie still. ” 8

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet ;
 One kiss he demanded—no more !
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score. 12
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill ;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond Urchin lie still. 16

III.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore Shade
 For shelter I'm sure to repair ;
 And, virgins ! in faith I'm no longer afraid
 Although the dear shepherd be there. 20
 At every fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will :
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still. 24

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE, BY MR. SHIELD,
And sung at Vauxhall.

IN spring, my dear Shepherds! your flow'rets are
 gay,
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May,
 But hang down their heads when December draws
 The winter of life is like that of the year. [near:
 The larks, and the linnets, that chaunt o'er the
 plains,
 All, all are in love while the summer remains;
 Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 18

The Season for Love is when youth's in its prime:
 Ye lads and ye lasses! make use of your time;
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear:
 The winter of life is like that of the year. 12

THE BIRTH-DAY OF PHILLIS:

A BALLAD.

I.

'TIS the Birth-day of Phillis; hark! how the
 birds sing!
 Their notes are remarkably sweet;
 The villagers brought all the honours of spring,
 And scatter'd their pride at her feet. 4

II.

With roses and ribbands her lambkins are crown'd;
 Awhile they respectfully stand;
 Then on the gay land, with a frolic, they bound,
 But first take a kiss from her hand. 8

III.

'Mongst shepherds, in all the gay round of the year,
 This—this is their principal day!
 It gave Phillis birth; and pray what can appear
 More pleasing or lovingly gay? 12

IV.

Hark ! hark ! how the tabor enlivens the scene !
 Ye Lads with your Lasses advance !
 'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green,
 And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

16

V.

The Sun—and he shines in his brightest array,
 As if on this festival proud,
 In order to give us a beautiful day,
 Has banish'd each travelling cloud.

20

VI.

The priest pass'd along, and my shepherdefs sigh'd !
 Sweet Phillis !—I guess'd what she meant :
 We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride ;
 Her sigh was the sigh of content.

24

THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

I.

PALEMON in the Hawthorn bow'r
 With fond impatience lay ;
 He counted ev'ry anxious hour
 That stretch'd the tedious day.

4

The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
 But, ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That women's vows are wind.

8

II.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd,
 And swore, in terms profane,
 That Beauty, in her brightest pride,
 Might sue to him in vain.

12

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
 Appear'd in all her charms,
 Each angry vow Palemon made
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

16

III.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before Pastora came :

"Inconstancy," she cry'd, "I find
 "In ev'ry heart's the same ;

20

"For young Alexis sigh'd and prest
 "With such bewitching pow'r,
 "I quite forgot the wishing guest
 "That waited in the bow'r."

24

THE WARNING.

I.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilia the prude ;
 If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was rude ;
 Tho' he begg'd with devotion some ease for his pain,
 The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain.
 Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
 And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.6

II.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,
 But Chloe soon caught him—a finish'd coquette !
 She glanc'd to his glance, she sigh'd to his sighs,
 And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
 Alas! for poor Colin, when put to the test,
 Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.12

III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare ;
 By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair ;
 When she found he had merit, and Love took his
 She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.[part,
 With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
 And now are as happy—as happy can be. 18

IV.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
 The prude and coquette are two flighted old maids ;
 Now their sweets are all wasted—too late they repent,
 For transports untasted, for moments mispent !
 Ye Virgins ! take Warning ; improve by my plan,
 And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.24

FANCY.

A SONG IN A PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
 Captives to her fond control :
 Merit may have rich pretences,
 But 'tis Fancy fires the soul.

4

II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
 Fancy flies, a Fairy queen !
 Fancy, wit and worth disdaining,
 Gives the prize to Harlequin.

8

III.

If the virgin's false, forgive her ;
 Fancy was your only foe.---
 Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
 But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow.

12

NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great-Britain's
 And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat, [success,
 Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express
 To summon the deities all to a treat :
 Blithe Comus was plac'd
 To guide the gay feast,
 And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer,
 Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
 For exquisite drinking,
 Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

5

10

II.

The great god of War, to encourage the fun,
 And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
 Sent a message that moment to Moor's* for a tun
 Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best.
 No gods—they all swore,
 Regal'd so before,

15

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear ;
 And each deify'd fellow
 Got jovially mellow
 In honour, brave Boys ! of our Newcastle Beer. 20

III.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
 Repents he drank Helicon water so long ;
 He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
 And gave the gay board an extempore song ;
 But ere he began 25
 He toss'd of his cann ;
 There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear ;
 Then sang, with great merit,
 The flavour and spirit
 His Godship had found in our Newcastle Beer. 30

IV.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold ;
 It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs ;
 And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
 Was nothing, my Lads ! but such liquor as our's. .
 The horrible crew 35
 That Hercules slew
 Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear :
 Such a club wou'd you borrow,
 To drive away sorrow,
 Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer. 40

V.

Ye youngsters ! so diffident, languid, and pale,
 Whom love, like the colic, so rudely infests,
 Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
 And drive the cur, Cupid, away from your breasts.
 Dull whining despise, 45
 Grow rosy and wise,
 No longer the jest of good fellows appear ;
 Bid adieu to your folly,
 Get drunk, and be jolly,
 And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer. 50

VI.

Ye fanciful Folk ! for whom Physic prescribes,
 Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death ;

Ye wretches! whom Law, and her ill-looking tribes,
 Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath;
 Here's shelter and ease, 55
 No craving for fees,
 No danger---no doctor---no bailiff---is near;
 Your spirits this raises,
 It cures your diseases; 59
 There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

HOLYDAY GOWN.

I.

IN Holyday Gown and my new-fangled hat,
 Last Monday I tripp'd to the fair:
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
 Brisk Roger I guefs'd wou'd be there.

He wooes me to marry whenever we meet;
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
 He hugs me so close, and kisses so sweet,
 I'd wed---if I were not too young. 8

II.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
 (The vixen would fain be his bride:)
 Some token she claimed, either ribband or toy,
 And swore that she'd not be deny'd. 12

A top-knot he bought me, and garters of green;
 Pert Susan was cruelly stung:
 I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
 I'd wed---if I were not too young. 16

III.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear,
 He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore;
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
 That---trust me---my pockets run o'er. 20

Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
 And sweetly their burthen he sung:
 Good faith! he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
 I'd wed---if I were not too young. 24

IV.

The fun was just setting, 'twas time to retire ;
 (Our cottage was a distant mile ;)
 I rose to be gone---Roger bow'd like a 'squire,
 And handed me over the stile. 28

His arms he threw round me---Love laugh'd in his
 eye ;

He led me the meadows among,
 There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
 To wed---for I was not too young. 32

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

I.

NOT a hundred years since, when Elections went
 round,
 Old Honour and Truth were in Burgundy drown'd ;
 The sons of Great Britain, both thirsty and wise,
 Wide open'd their stomachs, but clos'd up their
 eyes.

Derry down, &c. 5

II.

They were blind to true merit, let Party prevail,
 And Judgment no longer right balanc'd her scale ;
 In wine was fair Freedom remember'd no more,
 And Cash kick'd old Liberty out of the door.

Derry down, &c. 10

III.

When the Candidate offer'd, they snatch'd at the
 Nor spar'd the brownbumper nor venal sirloin : [coin,
 Ate and drank when they could : 'twas concluded,
 my Friends !

They might fast when the Candidate compass'd his
 Derry down, &c. [ends.

IV.

Let the case now be alter'd ; let talents be try'd, 16
 Let national virtue alone be your guide ;
 Let us scorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,
 And vote for our country, forgetful of self.

Derry down, &c. 20

V.

Let honour, let honesty, stand in your view ;
To freedom be constant, to liberty true.
Let me tell you, my Friends! the right nail you have
hit,

If you fix on a man that's a friend to old Pitt.

Derry down, &c.

25

VI.

Let no low-minded motives your principles shake,
But weigh the case well, for your safety's at stake.
For him that has honour and truth for his plan, as
Give your voices, my Boys! and it's S-----'s the
Derry down, &c. [man.]

ANOTHER.

I.

LET the half-famish'd poet find fault with good
cheer, [beer:
And, forc'd to drink water, despise our brown
That there's truth in full bumpers it can't be
deny'd ;
Then tofs off your glasses—let truth be our guide.
Derry down, &c.

5

II.

Poor Lewis the Little full fatally knows
That beef gives us courage to batter our foes ;
And the Sirloin, now knighted, that smokes on the
board,
May in times of preferment be titled My Lord.
Derry down, &c.

10

III.

Let the scribblers exclaim ; they're a finical tribe !
 May not we, like our betters, sometimes take a
 If cash does not circulate properly---trade [bribe ?
 Grows lazy, and lags like a founder'd old jade.
 Derry down, &c.

15

IV.

But, to banter no longer---our Candidates seem
Men of honour, of worth, and of public esteem :
It were well for Dame Britain, her freedom and
If such, and such only, e'er handled her cause. [laws,
Derry down, &c.

25

V.

Let their free open spirits be right understood,
 Their contest is meant for their countrymen's good :
 When danger alarms us, or glory commands,
 Our lives and our honours are safe in such hands.

Derry down, &c.

25

VI.

That they both have their merits it must be
 allow'd ;

But, sons of cool Reason ! step forth from the crowd :
 If weighty experience can balance the day,
 Give your voices, my Boys ! 'tis for S---e. Huzza !

Derry down, &c.

30

ANOTHER.

I.

WHERE the rich Wear *, with wand'ring grace,
 In gay profusion runs,
 The guardian Genius of the place
 Harangu'd his freeborn sons :
 The burthens of his sacred strain
 Was " Shaftoe live ! live, gen'rous Vane !

6

II.

" Where Durham lifts her sacred piles,
 " Rever'd in Gothic pride,
 " And Wisdom, with meridian smiles,
 " Expands on every side,
 " Distinguish'd in bright Honour's train,
 " Stand Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

12

III.

" The noble heart that truth refines,
 " (With conscious worth replete)
 " More useful than Peruvian mines,
 " Adds virtue to the state ;
 " Such patriot virtues as remain
 " With Shaftoe and illustrious Vane

18

IV.

" Confirm, my Sons ! confirm my choice,
 " And call my fav'rites forth,
 " Since Fame approves the general voice,
 " And merit stamps their worth.

* The river Wear, that runs through the City of Durham.

"None can your sacred rights maintain

"Like Shaftoe and illustrious Vane."

24

V.

The Genius ceas'd---from ev'ry part

Applause like lightning ran ;

Conviction fir'd each glowing heart,

And catch'd from man to man.

Loud echoes fill'd the gladd'ning plain,

With---Shaftoe, live!--Live, gen'rous Vane!

30

A SONG.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly prest,

While rapture fill'd each vein,

And as I touch'd her downy breast

Its tenant slept serene.

4

II.

So soft a calm in such a part

Betrays a peaceful mind,

Whilst my uneasy flutt'ring heart

Would scarcely be confin'd.

8

III.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees

Unmov'd when storms descend ;

But ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze

The myrtle bough must bend.

12

A SONG,

SENT TO CHLOE, WITH A ROSE.

Tune---The Lads of Patie's Mill.

I.

YES, ev'ry flow'r that blows

I pass'd unheeded by,

Till this enchanting Rose

Had fix'd my wandering eye.

4

It scented ev'ry breeze

That wanton'd o'er the stream,

Or trembled thro' the trees

To meet the morning beam.

8

II.

To deck that beauteous maid
 Its fragrance can't excel ;
 From some celestial shade
 The damask charmer fell :

12

And as her balmy sweets
 On Chloe's breast she pours,
 The queen of Beauty greets
 The gentle queen of Flow'rs:

16

A SONG.

HE that Love hath never try'd,
 Nor had Cupid for his guide,
 Cannot hit the passage right
 To the palace of Delight.

4

II.

What are honours, regal wealth,
 Florid Youth, and rosy health?
 Without Love his tribute brings,
 Impotent unmeaning things!

8

III.

Gentle Shepherd ! persevere ;
 Still be tender, still sincere ;
 Love and time, united, do
 Wonders, if the heart be true.

12

A THREE-PART CATCH.

'TIS in view---(the rich blessings kind Nature
 bestow'd

To conquer our sorrows or lighten the load)---

A full flask ! the rich nectar this bottle contains, 3

In a flood of fresh rapture, shall roll thro' our veins.

Let it bleed---and carousing this liquor divine,

Sing a hymn to the god that first cultur'd the vine. 6

THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

GIVE the Toast—my good fellow! be jovial and
 gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away.
 Here's the King—Take your bumpers, my brave
 British souls!
 Who guards your fair Freedom should crown your
 full bowls. [down
 Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis brought
 And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown. 6

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S.....

I.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bow'rs
 In elegant array,
 And scatters all her op'ning flow'rs
 A compliment to May, 4

II.

With glowing joy my bosom beats,
 I gaze delighted round,
 And wish to see the various sweets
 In one rich nosegay bound. 8

III.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd
 To bless my wandering view.
 I see them all—my beauteous Maid!
 I see them all, in—you. 12



EPISTLES.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

LET bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose,
And, timid at untasted joy,
Through fearfulness refuse.

4

Will you—the pleasing conflict try'd,
Tho' sure to conquer—fly?
If you—the sacred zone unty'd,
'Tis peevish to deny.

8

But if, my Fair! the Widow's name
Hold gracious with you still,
The god of love has form'd a scheme
Obsequious to your will.

12

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
(Oppress'd with warm desire)
Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

16

Thou'lt be a Widow ev'ry night,
(Thy wondrous power confess'd!)
And, as I die in dear delight,
My tomb shall be thy breast.

20

TO DELIA.

SAY, my Charmer! right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue;
Be sincere, or else deceive;
Say you love—and I'll believe.

24

TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it strange
Time should make a lover change ?

Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.

See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke :

If on Beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays ;

Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at Time's approach—expires.

How can Chloe think it strange
Time should make a lover change ?

TO CHLOE,

IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

I.

CONSIDER, sweet Maid ! and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast :
It is not a haughty behaviour
Will set off thy charms to the best.

II.

The ocean when calm may delight you,
But should a bold tempest arise,
The billows enrag'd would affright you,
Loud objects of awful surprise.

III.

'Tis thus when good humour diffuses
Its beams o'er the face of a fair,
With rapture his heart a man loses,
While frowns turn his love to despair.

TO MR. —.

I.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted ; you flutter in lace,
You whisper and dance with the fair ;
But Merit advances, 'tis your's to give place ;
Stand off, and at distance revere :

Nor tease the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,
 By her side as you saunter along, [that,
 Your taste—your complexion—your this—and your
 Nor lisp out the end of your song. 8

II.

For folly and fashion, you barter good sense,
 (If sense ever tell to your share).
 'Tis enough you could pert *petit-maitre* commence,
 Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air. 12

No end you can answer ; affections you've none ;
 Made only for prattle and play :
 Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the sun,
 You'll die undistinguish'd away. 16

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

ADVANCE to fame—advance reveal'd ;
 Let conscious worth be bold :
 Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
 And hid Peruvian gold ? 4

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
 Your genius brought to light :
 And many a Somebody shall learn
 From Nobody to write. 8

APOLLO

TO THE COMPANY AT HARROWGATE.

FROM my critical court at a quarterly meeting,
 To my Harrowgate subjects, this embassy greeting :
 Whereas, from the veteran poets complaint is,
 Their works are no longer consider'd as dainties, 4
 And Shakspeare, and Congreve, Farquhar, and
 others,
 The tragical—comical—farcical—brothers,
 Petition us oft for some gents and some ladies,
 (Our subjects no doubt, since dramatic their trade
 is.)

We govern their stational stage by direction,
 And send 'em to you for your friendly protection ;
 'Tis Apollo invites, with some ladies (the Muses ;)
 We denounce him immensely ill-bred that refuses.

Be it known, by the bye, from our Helicon foun-
 tain,

Enrich'd by the soil of Parnassus's mountain,
 Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding, [ing.
 Produces fine sense with true taste and good breed-
 Talk of Taste—none but heathens will call it in
 question :

Yet some insolent wits might advance a suggestion,
 While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,
 But find no Mæcenas to smile on their labours. 20
 Thus far we've proceeded, your favour to curry,
 And could tell ye much more—but we write in a
 hurry. 22

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F——,

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

WHETHER he's worth your spleen or not,
 You've ask'd me to determine :
 I wish, my friend, a nobler lot
 Than that of trampling vermine. 4
 A blockhead can't be worth our care,
 Unless that we'd befriend him :
 As you've some common sense to spare,
 I'll pay you what you lend him. 8

APOLLO.



PROLOGUES.

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at the Opening of the Theatre at York, after
it was elegantly enlarged.*

ONCE on a time, his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your Heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on,
And as the rain fell pattering helter-skelter, 5
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his Godship close beside him,
While Goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him:
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure, 11
Sung a rough song in his rude country measure.

Jove was so pleas'd with these goodnatur'd fallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.

Taste, like great Jupiter came here to try us;
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us;) 16
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
I know not; but 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble Theatre should be expanded. 20

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended;
And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye,
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs
to meet ye.

Pedants would fix her residence with Heathens,
But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens. 26

A PROLOGUE.

*Spoken at the Opening of an elegant little Theatre at
Whitby.*

FROM Shakspeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe,
and others—

The laurell'd list, the true Parnassian brothers,

Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compli-
ance ;

5

Beauty and Wit were always in alliance ;
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And Taste's determin'd by their approbation.

The Tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror ; 10
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.

The Comic glass, from modern groupes collected,
Shews fops and fools of every class—dissected ;
It marks the fair coquette's unfaithful dealings, 15
And proves that haughty prudes may have their
failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature
We'll blend with honest mirth some wholesome sa-
tire.

Now for our bark—The vessel's tight and able,
New built—new rigg'd [*pointing to the scenes*] with
canvass—mast—and cable.

Let her not sink—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed :
For tho' with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather.
Nor halcyon seas, nor gentle gales, attend us,
Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE

On opening the Theatre at Whitby the ensuing Season.

O'ER the wild waves unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home,
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries,
'Twixt the blue bosoms--'twixt the seas and skies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecstasies, by Fancy dress'd,
What filial sentiments expand his breast !
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues, are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn,
 Such the glad hopes that glow at our return ;
 With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
 To lay once more our labours at your feet.

Not without hopes your patronage will last, 15
 We bend with gratitude for favours past,
 That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
 Rode ev'ry gale—nor started e'en a splinter,
 We bow to Beauty—'twas those smiles secur'd her:
 Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,
 That she may winter long in Whitby's favour. 22

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken in the Character of a Sailor, on opening
 the New Theatre at North-Shields.*

HOLLOW ! my Masters ! where d'ye mean to
 stow us ? [Without.

We're come to see what pastime ye can shew us.
 Sall, step aloft—you sha'n't be long without me ;
 I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[Enters.

Tom and Dick Topfail are above—I hear 'em ; 5
 Tell 'em to keep a birth ; and, Sall—sit near 'em.
 Sall's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of slingo
 In three weeks time she'd learn the playhouse lingo.
 She loves your plays, she understands their meaning:
 She calls 'em -Moral rules, made entertaining. 10
 Your Shakspeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle ;
 And I myself (at sea) have read—a little.

At London, Sirs ! when Sall and I were courting,
 I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting.
 Mafs ! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
 But for their fiddlers and their damn'd sonatas.
 Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
 That play—" God save the King," and " Nancy
 " Dawson."

Well—tho' the frigaté's not so much bedizen'd,

[Looking about.

'Tis snug enough !—'tis clever for the size on't. 20

A subject but beyond the warmest lays ;
Wonder must paint when 'tis a G—nby's praise. 28

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the New Theatre at Newcastle, 1766.

IF to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an ev'ning's care: 5
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the motley stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays ?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glitt'ring thousand more ?
Cheer not the mariner propitious seas ?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees ?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss ?
To ev'ry question we'll reply with—Yes.

Suppose them gratify'd—their full delight 15
Falls short of our's on this auspicious night,
When, rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our fav'rite seat.

O that the soul of action were but our's,
And the vast energy of vocal pow'rs !
That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread ;
Yet if you smile we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest. 26

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN,

*A little Piece adapted to the Stage from the celebrated Poem of Ossian,
the Son of Fingal. Spoken at Edinburgh.*

TO form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit,
To touch a sacred Muse and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our Compiler.

Tho' Caution told him—the presumption's glaring,
 Dauntless, he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring!
 "Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
 "Nor wish the golden measure stamp'd dramatic?
 "Here are no lines—in measur'd pace that trip it,
 "No modern scenes so lifeless! so insipid! 10
 "Wrought by a Muse—(no sacred fire debarr'd
 her)
 "'Tis nervous, noble! it's true Northern ardour!"
 Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
 (The Grecian bards! no longer worth the naming)
 "In song the Northern tribes so far surpass us, 15
 "One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnassus,
 "And from their sacred mount decrees shall follow,
 "That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo."
 Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
 He trembles for the verdict of his jury. 20
 As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,
 But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
 To an impartial judgment we submit him;
 Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him. 24

A PROLOGUE,

TO RULE A WIFE.

Spoken at Edinburgh.

'TIS an odd portrait that the poet drew;
 A strange irregular he sets in view!
 'Mongst us, thank Heaven, the character's unknown,
 (Bards have creative faculties, we own)
 And this appears a picture from his brain, 5
 Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
 'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
 Their merit's by the foil conspicuous made,
 And they seem brighter by contrasting shade. 10

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
 Nor should such antiquated maxims hold.
 Shall subject man assert superior sway,
 And dare to bid the angel-sex obey?

Or, if permitted to partake the throne,
 Despotie call the reins of power his own?
 Forbid it all that's gracious—that's polite!
 (The fair to liberty have equal right!)
 Nor urge the tenet, tho' from Fletcher's school,
 That ev'ry husband has a right to rule. 20

A matrimonial medium may be hit
 Where neither governs, but where both submit.
 The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns
 Where male and female condescend by turns:
 Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
 And let the word Obey—be Condescend. 26

A PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by Mr. Diggs, on opening the Edinburgh
 Theatre in 1763.*

TO rectify some errors that of late
 Had crept into the bosom of our state;
 To court Propriety, a matron chaste!
 To make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste;
 To alter—to adapt—to plan—revive,
 To spare no pains to make the drama thrive;
 These are the labours that to-night commence,
 By Beauty * sanction'd, and approv'd by Sense†.

Suppose some Corydon, some country swain,
 Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain, 10
 At early dawn should seek the dappled glade
 To form a nosegay for the fav'rite maid;
 When he had cropp'd the beauties of the banks,
 And cull'd the fairest from the flow'ry ranks,
 He'd range in order ev'ry blooming sweet, 15
 And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of fancy we'll explore,
 And search the gardens of dramatic lore,
 Of choicest fragrance and of various hue,
 To form those chaplets we compose for you. 20

Now to attack you in a martial strain!
 We hope to gather laurels this campaign;

* The Boxes.

† The Pit.

And that our plan of action may succeed,
 Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the Tweed.
 Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear, 25
 (Tho' universal patronage be here)
 Let me bespeak, before the curtain rise,
 Some kind impressions for our new supplies. 28

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at Edinburgh, on Mrs. Bellamy's first
 Appearance there.*

IN early days, when error sway'd mankind,
 The scene was censur'd, and the stage confin'd :
 As the fine arts a nobler taste supply'd,
 Old Prejudice grew fainter---droop'd--and dy'd.

Merit from sanction must deduce her date 5
 If she'd arrive at a meridian height :
 From sanction is the English stage become
 Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

If from that stage an actress, fill'd with fears,
 New to this northern scene, to-night appears, 10
 Intent, howe'er unequal to the flight,
 To hit, what critics call, the *happy right* :
 She builds not on your sister's* fond applause,
 But timidly to you submits her cause :
 For taste refin'd may as judicial sit 15
 Here—as she found her in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear ;
 The sons of Genius are the least severe.
 Some favour from the fair she's sure to find ;
 So sweet a circle cannot but be kind.
 Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
 And hopes you gracious—as we know you just, 22

A PROLOGUE,

*On reviving The Merchant of Venice, at the Time
 the Bill had passed for Naturalizing the Jews.*

'TWIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions
 or places,
 And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases ;

Since, time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by
slander,

Both lawless alike, have been sentenc'd to wander ;
Then 'faith it's full time we appeal to the nation 5
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on.

Lard ! that word's so uncouth !.... 'tis so irksome to
speak it !

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I
take it. [mission.

We'll now to the point ; I'm sent here with com-
To present this fair circle our humble petition ; 10
But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
ceeding,

Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding,
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we can
rake up,

Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, 13
We must frankly confess we have nought to present ye
But Shakspeare's old Sterling--Pray let it content ye.

This Shylock the Jew, whom we meant to re-
store ye,

Was nat'raliz'd oft' by our fathers before ye ; 18
Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion;
For, to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

A PROLOGUE,

*For some Country Lads performing The Devil of a
Wife in the Christmas Holidays.*

IN days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale, 4
In struts St. George, old England's champion
With hasty steps, impatient to recite [knight,
How he had kill'd the dragon once in fight.

From ev'ry side--from Troy--from ancient Greece,
Princes pour in to swell the motley piece,
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse, 10
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
Like their's our simple stage-play comes to birth

Our want of art we candidly confess,
 But give you nature in her homespun dress: 15
 No heroes here—no martial men of might;
 A cobbler is the champion of to-night:
 His strap more fam'd than George's lance of old,
 For it can tame that dragoness, a scold.
 Indulgent then support the cobbler's cause,
 And, tho' he may'n't deserve it, smile applause. 21

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER*.

FROM the fair mansions of illustrious shades,
 From groves of bliss poetic painted meads,
 Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless laurels,
 Obedient to his own recruiting drum; [come
 Conscious to-night of the superior grace, 5
 The nobler beauties that adorn this place,
 Here would he fix—enraptur'd here abide,
 And change Elysium for the Severn's side. 10

Let boasting Rome of one Mæcenas tell, 10
 Countless are those that by the Severn dwell;
 Parnassus' mount let future bards disclaim,
 Hark how the Wrekin's† hospitable name
 Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame.

Sabrina‡! softest nymph that glides along,
 Winding and various as her Farquhar's song, 15
 Indulgent smil'd to bless the Poet's toil,
 And straight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd the
 gen'rous foil.

Here—Beauty beams, with social sweetness mix'd!
 Here—true Politeness has her standard fix'd!
 Here let the Muse her sacred numbers swell, 20
 And here let sportive wit and gay-dress'd Humour

O, may our secondary labours find [dwell!
 The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
 So may Salopian plains that bloom so gay,
 Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May! 25

* Mr. Farquhar dedicated his play of the Recruiting Officer to his friends.

† The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

‡ The poetical name of the river Severn.

EPILOGUES.

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at Edinburgh by Mrs. Bellamy, to the Tragedy
of Antony and Cleopatra.*

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian
Is finely drawn ; it glows in the description :
But modern love can ne'er maintain its station,
So many different *goûts* divide the nation.

The man of sense disdains the soft'ning passion ; 5
The coxcomb is enamour'd of—the fashion ;
The *bon-vivant* prefers the feast conviv'al ;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival ;
Besides the gentle race—the *petit-mâtres* !
The set insensible of happy *creturs* ;
So coy—so cold—that Beauty ne'er can warm 'em ;
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm 'em.

But hold—I run too fast without reflection,
(Each gen'ral rule admits of some exception.)
Here* 'tis allow'd imperial Beauty governs,
And there† the conquer'd sex adore their sov'reigns.
Let me—to wave this *bagatelle*—declare
The grateful homage of a heart sincere :
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night. 20

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at Edinburgh, in the character of
Lady Fanciful.*

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,
Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,
And Britain by a large subscription bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic, 5
And nurs'd her till her pow'r became despotic ;
Till every would-be beauty of the nation
Did homage at the shrine of Affectation :

* Boxes.

† Pit.

But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
 And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
 If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful, 11
 The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful.
 Mark but her *bagatelles*—her whine—her whimper—
 Her loll—her lisp—her saunter—stare—her simper:
 All *outrés*, all—no native charm about her, 15
 And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
 If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it;
 So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
 To Insipidity she gives grimaces. 20

Without her dear coquettish arts to aid 'em,
 Fine Ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em;
 Such sensible, sincere, domestic creatures,
 The jest of modern *belles* and *petit-mâtres*.
 Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger, 25
 But as the foreign fantom's—here a stranger,
 I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
 And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
 For, trust me, Ladies! she'd deform your faces,
 And with a single glance destroy the Graces. 30

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at Norwich, in the Character of Mrs.
 Deborah Woodcock, in Love in a Village.*

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
 When, Sibyl-like, she's skill'd in penetration;
 When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
 And rides above the rocks that others dash on;
 When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour, 5
 When decent gravity adorns her figure;
 Why an old maid, I wish the wise would tell us,
 Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows.
 In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever!
 Without a subject, she can talk—for ever! 10
 Rich in old saws can bring a sentence pat in,
 And quote upon occasion lawyers' Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobis corum*;
 'Tis done--and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoness on duty,
 To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty,
 'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
 To keep them in restraint by decent slander.
 When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em;
 We can detect before the fair design'd 'em. 20

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
 Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
 Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,
 In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
 'Tis undeny'd, and the assertion's common, 25
 That modern Physic is a mere old woman.
 The puny fop, that simpers o'er his tea-dish,
 And cries--Indeed--Miss Deb'rah's quite--old-maidish!
 Of doubtful sex, of undetermin'd nature,
 In all respects is but a virgin *creature*. 30

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting,
 There's nothing in the state itself disgusting:
 Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
 Are valued from propriety of carriage:
 If gentle sense, if sweet discretion, guide 'em, 35
 It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em:
 And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded;
 A certain truth! say--Deb'rah Woodcock said it.

AN EPILOGUE,

To The Muse of Ossian, spoken at Edinburgh.

IN fond romance let Fancy reign creative;
 Valour among the northern hills is native:
 The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Ossian's story,
 Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
 Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour, 5
 Repel in love or war the hero's vigour.
 When honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to ponder,
 And as he fought the fav'rite maid grew sonder.
 The brave by Beauty were rejected never,
 For girls are gracious when the lads are clever. 10

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
 The bard at home had ev'ry power descriptive;

He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us.
The sway of northern Beauty, if disputed,
Look round, ye Infidels! and stand confuted, ['em;
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known
They're such—the sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour. 24

AN EPILOGUE,

*Spoken in the Character of Lady Townley, in
The Provoked Husband.*

AT Lady...let me recollect...whose night is't?
No matter...at a circle the politest,
Taste summons all the satire she is able,
And canvasses my conduct to the table.

“A wife reclaim'd, and by a husband's rigour, 5

“A wife with all her appetites in vigour,

“Lard! she must make a lamentable figure!

“Where was her pride? of ev'ry spark divested,

“To mend because a prudish husband press'd it!

“What! to prefer his dull domestic quiet 10

“To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot?

“Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected,

“Because at ten she's by her spouse expected?

“Oh hideous! how immensely out of nature! 14

“Don't you, my Dears! despise the servile crea-

Prudence, altho' the company be good, [ture?”

Is often heard, and sometimes understood.

Suppose, to justify my reformation,

She'd give the circle this concise oration.

“Ye giddy group of fashionable Wives! 20

“That in continu'd riot waste your lives,

“Did ye but see the demons that descend,

“The cares convulsive that on cards attend,

" The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
 " (Rage reddens here, there Avarice despairs) 25
 " You'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,
 " To the domestic blessings you despise.
 " Or if you've no regard for moral duty,
 " ('Tis trite, but true)—Quadrille will murder
 " Beauty."

Taste is abash'd (the culprit!) I'm acquitted; 30
 They praise the character they lately pity'd:
 They promise to reform, relinquish play,
 So break the tables up at break of day. 33

AN EPILOGUE,

*Designed to be spoken at Alnwick, on resigning the
 Playhouse to a Party detached from the
 Edinburgh Theatre.*

TO Alnwick's lofty seat, a sylvan scene!
 To rising hills from distance doubly green,
 Go, (says the god of Wit) my standard bear,
 These are the mansions of the great and fair†;
 'Tis my Olympus now; go spread your banners
 there.

Led by fond Hope, the pointed path we trace, 6
 And thank'd our patron for the flow'ry place.
 Here—we behold a gently waving wood,
 There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood.
 The landscape smiles—the fields gay fragrance wear;
 Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air: 11
 Slender repast indeed, and but camelion fare.
 A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
 And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift,
 By tyrant managers awhile consign'd 15
 To fatten on what forage they can find,
 With lawless force our liberty invades,
 And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades;
 But we (since Prejudice erects her scale,
 And puffs and petty artifice prevail) 20

† The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord and Lady
 Warkworth, &c.

To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be undone.

With gratitude still we'll acknowledge the favours.
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours : 24
To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors,
And wish we could say we gave place to our betters.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. G..... at her Benefit.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze,
And quite unpraëtis'd in poetic lays,
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand, 5
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way ;
His consort next, she guides his chatt'ring train, 10
Impatient to devour the golden grain ;
Next stalks the turkey-cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest ;
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast. 15

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest)
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit should provide him meat, 19
And thinks the hostess thank'd that he vouchsaf'd
A linnet perching on a neighb'ring tree [to eat.
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see ;
She lights, and, mingling with the motley crew,
Feasted, as most, at free expence will do ;
Then singling from the mercenary throng, 25
Repaid the gen'rous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my wish agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me ;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good will. 30

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Child Nine Years old.

AS the wise ones within have assur'd me it's
common

For chits of my age to be aping the woman,
To prove that I've talents as well as another,
Good Folks! I ran forward, in spite of my mother.
Don't tell me, says I—they shall know how the case
is;

I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces: 6
I was born a coquette, and by Goles I'm not idle;
I can ogle already—look peevish, and bridle;
And I'll practise new gestures each night and each
morning [ing.

'Gainst I reach to my teens—so I give ye fair warn-
Tho' I move ye at present with nothing but laugh-
ter, [hereafter.

Look well to your hearts, Beaux!—I'll swinge ye
Have patience then pray, and, by practice grown
bolder,

I'll promise to please if I live to grow older. 14



EPIGRAMS.

AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

4

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

8

ANOTHER.

TO Wasteall whose eyes were just closing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door; [breath,
"In peace," cry'd the wretch, "let me give up my
"And Fate will soon rub out my score."

4

"Come, Bailiffs," cry'd Doll, "(how I'll hamper
"this cheat!)"

"Let the law be no longer delay'd;
"I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
"And by G---d he sha'n't die till I'm paid."

8

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
"Old Rancour the report hath spread;
"But Genius cannot die."

4

EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the Gordian
string,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

4

IMITATIONS.

THE ROSE.

ANACREON, ODE V. IMITATED.

SHED Roses in the sprightly juice
Prepar'd for every social use,
So shall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.

Ourselfes, with rosy chaplets bound,
Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose we greet ;
We worship thee, delicious Sweet !
For, tho' by mighty gods carefs'd,
You deign to make us mortals blest'd.

The Cupids and the Graces fair
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair,
And nimbly strike celestial ground,
Eternal roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets ere these expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre ;
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite tun :
Among the sporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,
For ever young--for ever gay,
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

THE DOVE.

ANACREON, ODE IX. IMITATED.

"TELL me," said I, " my beauteous Dove ?

" (If an ambassadess from Love)

" Tell me on what soft errand sent

" Thy gentle flight is this way bent ?

" Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed

" As in the quiv'ring breeze they spread."

" A message," says the Bird, " I bear

" From fond Anacreon to the fair ;

" A virgin of celestial grace,

" The Venus of the human race !

- " Me for an hymn or amorous ode
 " The Paphian Venus once bestow'd
 " To the sweet bard, for whom I'd fly
 " Unweary'd to the farthest sky.
 " Thro' the soft air he bade me glide, 15
 " (See to my wing his billet's ty'd)
 " And told me 'twas his kind decree,
 " When I return'd, to set me free.
 " 'Twould prove me but a simple bird
 " To take Anacreon at his word. 20
 " Why should I hide me in the wood,
 " Or search for my precarious food,
 " When I've my master's leave to stand
 " Cooing upon his friendly hand ?
 " When I can be profusely fed 25
 " With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
 " And welcom'd to his nectar bowl,
 " Sip the rich drops that fire the soul,
 " Till in fantastic rounds I spread
 " My flutt'ring pinions o'er his head ? 30
 " Or if he strike the trembling wire,
 " I perch upon my fav'rite lyre,
 " Till, lull'd into luxuriant rest,
 " Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast,
 " Go, Stranger ! to your bus'ness, go ; 35
 " I've told you all you wish'd to know :
 " Go, Stranger ! and I think you'll say,
 " This prattling Dove's an arrant jay." 38

ANACREON,

ODE XIV. IMITATED.

WHY did I with Love engage ?
 Why provoke his mighty rage ?
 True it is, the wand'ring child
 Met me with an aspect mild,
 And besought me like a friend
 At his gentle shrine to bend :
 True, from my mistaken pride
 Due devotion was deny'd,

IMITATIONS.

85

Till (because I would not yield)
Cupid dar'd me to the field.

10

Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd;
But an Achillean spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot as lightning from the sky.

15

Wounded, thro' the woods I run,
Follow'd still by Beauty's son;
Arrows in malignant show'rs
Still the angry urchin pours,
Till exhausting all his store
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the gods.....a living dart!
Shoots himself into my heart!

20

Freedom I must now resign;
Victory, O Love! is thine.
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within?

25

28

ANACREON,

ODE XIX. IMITATED.

OLD Earth, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,
Drink from her kind maternal breast.

4

Left angry Ocean should be dry,
The River-gods their stores supply:
The monarch of the glowing Day
Drinks large potations from the sea;

8

And the pale empress of the Night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All, all things drink, abstemious Sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage?

12

TO THE SWALLOW.

ANACREON, ODE XXXIII. IMITATED.

SOON as Summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird! you fly,

And, with golden sunshine blest'd,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming Bird! you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the Swallow, Love! depart;
Respite for a while my heart.

No: he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping thro' the shell;
In a state unfinish'd rise
Thousands of a smaller size.

Till their noisy chirpings cease,
Never shall my heart have peace.
Feather'd ones the younglings feed
Till, mature, they're fit to breed;
Then, to swell the crowded store,
They produce their thousands more;
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breast their vast amount.

ANACREON,

ODE LVIII. IMITATED.

AS I wove, with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design
What the fields had fresh and fine,
Cupid---and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell,
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden, I secur'd the boy,
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frightened prize
Where the mighty goblet stood
Teeming with a rosy flood.

IMITATIONS.

37

“Urchin!” in my rage, I cry’d,
 “What avails thy saucy pride?
 “From thy busy vengeance free,
 “Triumph now belongs to me:
 “Thus, I drown thee in my cup;
 “Thus, in wine, I drink thee up.”

20

Fatal was the nectar’d draught
 That to murder Love I quaff’d:
 O’er my bosom’s fond domains
 Now the cruel tyrant reigns,
 On my heart’s most tender strings
 Striking with his wanton wings.
 I’m for ever doom’d to prove
 All the insolence of Love.

25

28

IMITATION, FROM ANACREON.

FILL me that capacious cup,
 Fill it to the margin up:
 From my veins the thirsty Day
 Quaffs the vital strength away.

Let a wreath my temples shield
 Fresh from the enamell’d field;
 These declining roses bow,
 Blasted by my sultry brow.

5

Flow’rets, by their friendly aid,
 From the sunbeams form a shade;
 Let me from my heart require,
 (Glowing with intense desire)
 Is there in the deepest grove
 Shelter from the beams of Love?

10

14

THE DANCE, ANACREONTIC.

HARK! the speaking strings invite,
 Music calls us to delight:
 See! the maids in measures move,
 Winding like the maze of love:
 As they mingle, madly gay,
 Sporting Hebe leads the way.

5

On each glowing cheek is spread
 Rosy Cupid's native red,
 And from ev'ry sparkling eye
 Pointed darts at random fly.
 Love and active Youth advance
 Foremost in the sprightly dance.
 As the magic numbers rise,
 Thro' my veins the poison flies;
 Raptures not to be express'd
 Revel in my throbbing breast:
 Jocund as we beat the ground,
 Love and harmony go round.

10

15

Every maid (to crown his blifs)
 Gives her youth a rosy kiss;
 Such a kiss as might inspire
 Thrilling raptures---soft desire:
 Such Adonis might receive,
 Such the queen of Beauty gave,
 When the conquer'd goddess strove
 (In the conscious myrtle-grove)
 To inflame the boy with love.

20

25

Let not pride our sports restrain;
 Banish hence the prude Disdain!
 Think---ye Virgins! if you're coy,
 Think---ye rob yourselves of joy;
 Every moment you refuse,
 So much ecstasy you lose:
 Think, how fast these moments fly,
 If you should too long deny,
 Love and Beauty both will die.

30

36

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
 Always coy and always fair!
 Should unwish'd-for languor spread
 O'er that beauteous white and red;
 Should these locks, that sweetly play
 Down these shoulders, fall away,
 And that lovely bloom, that glows
 Fairer than the fairest rose,

5

Should it fade, and leave thy face
 Spoil'd of ev'ry killing grace ;
 Should your glass the charge betray,
 Thus, my Fair ! you'd weeping say,
 " Cruel Gods ! does beauty fade,
 " Now warm desires my breast invade ?
 " And why, while blooming youth did glow,
 " Was this heart as cold as snow ?" 16

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS,

IMITATED.

I.

HAIL ! (with eternal beauty blest'd,
 O'er heav'n and earth ador'd !)
 Hail, Venus ! 'tis thy slave's request
 Her peace may be restor'd :
 Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
 And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart. 6

II.

Once you descended, queen of Love !
 At Sappho's bold desire,
 From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
 Thy ever glorious fire !
 I saw thy dusky-pinion'd sparrows bear
 Thy chariot, rolling light thro' the rejoicing air. 12

III.

No transient visit you design'd,
 Your wanton birds depart,
 And with a look divinely kind,
 That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart, [rest ?
 " Sappho," say you, " what sorrow breaks thy
 " How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast ? 18

IV.

" Is there a youth severely coy
 " My fav'rite would subdue ?
 " Or has she lost some wand'ring boy,
 " To plighted vows untrue ?
 " Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
 " And with new-lighted flames, more fond, more
 " fiercely burn. 24

V.

" Thy proffer'd gifts tho' he deride,
 " And scorn thy glowing charms,
 " Soon shall his ev'ry art be try'd
 " To win thee to his arms :
 " Tho' he be now as cold as virgin snow,
 " The victim in his turn shall like rous'd *Ætna*
 " glow."

30

VI.

Thee, Goddess ! I again invoke,
 These mad desires remove !
 Again I've felt the furious stroke
 Of irresistible Love :
 Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
 Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour
 burn.

36

TO THE EVENING STAR,

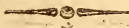
MOSCHUS, IDYLLIUM VII.

AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.

HAIL, golden Star ! of ray serene !
 Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen !
 O Hesper ! glory of the night,
 Diffusing thro' the gloom delight,
 Whose beams all other stars outshine
 As much as silver Cynthia thine ;
 O ! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
 To him I love, my shepherd swain ;
 He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
 Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
 Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
 Nor the lone traveller of gold :
 Love is my crime : O ! lend thy ray
 To guide a lover on her way.
 May the bright star of Venus prove
 The gentle harbinger of Love !

4

I



MISCELLANIES.

AN ELEGY

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murorem moles, præruptaque saxa ! Janus Vitælis.
Omaia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit. Seneca.

I.
IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains. 4

II.
Half bury'd, there lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub there descends in dust
From the rent roof and portico sublime. 8

III.
The rivulets, oft' frightened at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry. 12

IV.
Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle, or the noxious nightshade, spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

V.
There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the memento at her feet. 20

VI.
Soon as sage Ev'ning check'd Day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood,
And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd as the mould'ring monuments I view'd. 24

VII.
Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here Time hath pass'd—what ruin marks his way!
This Pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay. 28

VIII.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
 In vain, and Melody her song sublime;
 In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time. 32

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride?
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd. 36

X.

How solemn is the cell, o'ergrown with moss,
 That terminates the view yon' cloister'd way!
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
 Religion-like, stands mould'ring in decay! 40

XI.

Where the mild sun thro' saint encypher'd glafs,
 Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky aisle,
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the Pile! 44

XII.

And Piety with mystic-meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,
 Trod oft' the solitary path that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd! 48

XIII.

Thro' the grey grove, between those with'ring trees,
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
 A marble-imag'd matron, on her knees,
 Half-wasted, like a Niobe in tears: 52

XIV.

Low levell'd in the dust, her darling's laid!
 Death pity'd not the pride of youthful bloom;
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb. 56

XV.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest
 Where mould'ring in the niche his statue stands,
 Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
 And crav'd the benediction of his hands. 60

XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,
As, trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply. 64

XVII.

Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal-plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide?
'That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry stood marshall'd by his side? 68

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his castle seemed to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conq'ror Time
Levell'd the fabric as the founder low. 72

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

XX.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom. 80

XXI.

The trav'ler is bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where in his groves, with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore. 84

XXII

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry.

XXIII

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent
With Comus and the laughter-loving crew,
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew: 92

XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
 Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight roar;
 Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
 Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more.

96

XXV.

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in deep design,
 Protract but for a day precarious breath?
 Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine,
 Soothe with his melody, infatiate Death?

100

XXVI.

No....Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
 Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

104

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
 The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promisc'ous in the tomb.

108

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 "Philip, remember thou'rt no more than man: 112

XXIX.

"Tho' Glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
 "Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
 "Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal
 "Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!" 116

XXX.

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
 (Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
 Sigh'd when the perishable pomp he view'd: 120

XXXI.

And as he rode high in his regal car,
 In all the purple pride of Conquest dress'd,
 Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
 Plac'd pendent on a spear his burial vest;

124

XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd,—“ This son of Pow'r,
 “ This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
 “ May in the space of one revolving hour
 “ Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud !” 128

XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
 Where Slaughter like the rapid lightning ran,
 And say, while Mem'ry weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man ?

XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high ;
 For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That, mix'd in hasty graves, unnotic'd lie. 136

XXXV.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasants head
 Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb !
 Or sleeps one colder in his close clay-bed
 Than th'other in the wide vault's dreary womb !

XXXVI.

Hither let lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train,
 Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
 And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
 The wish that sighs for sublunary things ! 144

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,
 And give a short, perhaps a quick, relief,
 While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public woe,
 Must labour thro' a long protracted grief. 4

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's blast)
 The sons of Albion can't enough deplore ;
 Think, Britons ! think on all his triumphs past,
 And weep.—Your warrior is—alas ! no more. 8

Blight, we are told, respects the conqueror's tree,
 And thro' the laurel-grove with caution flies :
 Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
 Cover'd with laurels, when a Granby dies ! 12

ON THE DEATH OF
MR. OF SUNDERLAND.

GO, breath of Sorrow—go, attending Sighs,
Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
And Charity's first steward—is no more. 4

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,
So gracious—good—so tenderly humane?

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,
Yet in the paths of Virtue steady—sure:
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,
“Think (O remember!) think upon my poor.” 12

ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. SLEIGH, OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honor'd, much lamented Sleigh!
The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die:
Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot!
How sweet will be the summer fruit!
Let us behold the infant rose,
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning smiles serenely gay,
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid
In early innocence array'd.
If in the morning of her years
A lustre so intense appears,
When time shall point her noontide rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

ON ALDERMAN W.....

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THAT he was born, it cannot be deny'd.
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and dy'd.

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

THAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true we have cause to lament ;
Yet 'faith 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.

4

On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head
(When he mingled with shadows so grim)
These words may be ev'ry day read,
" Here lies the late Alderman Whim."

3

EPIGRAPH

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Executed by Mr. P. Cunningham, Statuary in Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame
What added honours can the sculptor give ?
None—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT-PIECE.

Nox erat

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

THE queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign,
Advancing in their vary'd light
Her silver-vested train.

4

II.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon' sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound !

III.

A kind, a philosophic, calm
The cool Creation wears;
And what Day drank of dewy balm
The gentle Night repairs.

12

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid
That gamboll'd round the hill!

16

V.

The sweets that, bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day reclin'd;
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

20

VI.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A phoenix nest on fire.

24

VII.

But soft---the golden glow subsides,
Her chariot mounts on high,
And now in silver pomp she rides
Pale regent of the sky.

28

VIII.

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree,
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

32

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime,
Its branches brav'd the sky:
Thus at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

36

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse;
It glows serenely gay:
Come, Science! by my side advance;
We'll search the milky way.

40

XI.

Let us descend—The daring flight
 Fatigues my feeble mind ;
 And Science in the maze of light
 Is impotent and blind.

44

XII.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires
 That o'er the moorland ran ?
 Vapours. How like the vague desires
 That cheat the heart of man !

48

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide !—a flame,
 That, lambent o'er his bed,
 Enlivens with a gladfome beam
 The hermit's osier shed.

52

XIV.

Among the ruffet shades of night
 It glances from afar,
 And darts along the dusk so bright,
 It seems a silver star !

56

XV.

In coverts (where the few frequent)
 If Virtue deigns to dwell,
 'Tis thus the little lamp Content
 Gives lustre to his cell.

60

XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides
 Progressive to the deep !
 The poppies pendent o'er its sides
 Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

64

XVII.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons,
 Ye Indolent ! ye Gay !
 Reflect.....for as the river runs
 Life wings its trackless way.

68

XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green
 Conceals the azure sky,
 Save where a starry space between
 Relieves the darken'd eye.

72

XIX.

Old Error thus with shades impure
 Throws sacred Truth behind,
 Yet sometimes thro' the deep obscure
 She bursts upon the mind.

76

XX.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign ;
 They lock the shepherd's fold :
 But hark !...I hear a lamb complain,
 'Tis lost upon the wold !

80

XXI.

To savage herds, that haunt for prey,
 An unresisting prize !
 For, having trod a devious way,
 The little Rambler dies.

84

XXII.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
 Whom pleasure once misguides,
 When hurry'd from the halcyon cot
 Where Innocence presides.....

88

XXIII.

The Passions, a relentless train !
 To tear the victim, run :
 She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,
 Is conquer'd---and undone.

92

XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze
 Where willows shade the way !
 As proud as if their painted rays
 Could emulate the day.

96

XXV.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of Pow'r
 Advance their vain parade !
 Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
 And like the glow-worms fade !

100

XXVI.

The soft serenity of Night
 Ungentle clouds deform ;
 The silver host, that shone so bright,
 Is hid behind a Storm.

104

XXVII.

The angry elements engage!
 An oak (an ivy'd bow'r)
 Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
 And shields me from the show'r.

108

XXVIII.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate
 I've learn'd to render vain;
 For, whilst Integrity's her feat,
 The soul will sit serene.

112

XXIX.

A raven from some greedy vault,
 Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
 Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
 Reflect upon the tomb.

116

XXX.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome,
 The temple, rais'd to Peace!
 The port that to its friendly home
 Compels the human race!

120

XXXI.

Yon' village to the moral mind
 A solemn aspect wears,
 Where Sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
 And kill'd his daily cares:

124

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
 An emblematic bed!
 That offers to the mental fight
 The temporary dead.

128

XXXIII.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought
 The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
 And, tutor'd, hence be timely taught
 To meet my final sleep.

132

XXXIV.

'Tis peace!—(The little chaos past!)
 The gracious moon's restor'd!
 A breeze succeeds the frightful blast
 That thro' the forest roar'd.

136

XXXV.

The nightingale, a welcome guest !
 Renews her gentle strains ;
 And Hope, just wand'ring from my breast,
 Her wonted seat regains.

140

XXXVI.

Yes---When yon' lucid orb is dark,
 And darting from on high,
 My soul, a more celestial spark !
 Shall keep her native sky.

144

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light---the lenient breeze,
 My limbs refreshment find ;
 And moral rhapsodies like these
 Give vigour to the mind.

148

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus omnes.

Virg.

I.

NOW that Summer's ripen'd bloom
 Frolics where the winter frown'd,
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the Landscape round.

4

II.

Nature in the prospect yields
 Humble dales and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields,
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

8

III.

Goats upon that frowning steep
 Fearless with their kidlings brouse ;
 There a flock of snowy sheep,
 Here an herd of motley cows.

12

IV.

On the uplands ev'ry glade
 Brightens in the blaze of day ;
 O'er the vales the sober shade
 Softens to an ey'ning grey.

16

V.

Where the rill by flow degrees
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool. 20

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak
Near the farmhouse forms a bridge. 24

VII.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride,
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide..... 28

VIII.

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun. 32

IX.

High upon the daisy'd hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze!.... 36

X.

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
Bouncing from her loaded pad,
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad. 40

XI.

O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols in fantastic trim
As the full cart moves along :
Hearken !—'tis the harvest hymn, 44

XII.

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise
Till the sweet notes reach the skies. 48

XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs dividing break ;
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake.

52

XIV.

From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sunbeams fore oppress'd,
Plunging in the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breast.

56

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide.

60

XVI.

On the isles, with osiers dress'd,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds ;
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon' crackling reeds.

64

XVII.

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimick'd flock.

68

XVIII.

Where the stone-crofs lifts its head,
Many a faint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread
Barefoot in the days of yore.

72

XIX.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon rev'rend shades,
Whilome in that shatter'd cell
Many an hermit told his beads.

76

XX.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

80

XXI.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay upon the rising green,
Many an Attic building smiles. 84

XXII.

Painted gardens, grotts, and groves,
Intermingling shade and light,
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight. 86

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the Landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky. 92

FORTUNE :

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

JOVE and his senators, in sage debate,
For man's felicity, were settling laws,
When a rude roar, that shook the sacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to enquire the cause. 4

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,
In the rough garniture of Grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place :
“ Let me have justice, Jupiter ! ”—he bray'd.

III.

“ I am an afs, of innocence allow'd
“ The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still ;
“ While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring crowd,
“ Beneath her patronage, can rob and kill. 12

IV.

“ The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so hard)
“ Favour and friendship from his owner finds :
“ For endless diligence (a rough reward !)
“ I'm cudgell'd by a race of paltry hinds. 16

V.

“ On wretched provender compell'd to feed,
 “ The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed !
 “ For me Dame Fortune never yet decreed
 “ The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed. 20

VI.

“ Rough and unseemly is my irrev'rent hide !
 “ Where can I visit, thus uncouthly dress'd ?
 “ That outside elegance the Dame deny'd
 “ For which her fav'rites are too oft carefs'd. 24

VII.

“ To suff'ring virtue, sacred Jove ! be kind :
 “ From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free :
 “ She's a deceiver if she says she's blind ;
 “ She fees, propitiously fees, all—but me !” 28

VIII.

The plaintiff could articulate no more ;
 His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan !
 The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
 Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

IX.

The monarch, with an all-commanding sound,
 (Deepen'd like thunder thro' the rounds of space)
 Gave order—that Dame Fortune should be found
 To answer as she might the plaintiff's case. 36

X.

Soldiers, and citizens, a seemly train !
 And lawyers, and physicians, sought her cell,
 With many a schoolman—but their search was vain:
 Few can the residence of Fortune tell. 40

XI.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
 His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,
 'Twas rumour'd that Dame Fortune did reside,
 And Jove's ambassadors were posted there. 44

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dress'd,
 A feeble porter at the gate they found,
 Doubled with wretchedness—with age distress'd,
 And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd. 48



CUNNINGHAM.

If the Virgin's false, forgive her;
Fancy was your only she;
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But his fancy brings the bow.

THEY ARE 9 p. 106.



XIII.

"Mortals, avaunt!" the trembling spectre cries,
 "Ere you invade those sacred haunts beware!
 "To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprise
 "I am the centinel—my name is Care. 52

XIV.

"Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of Mind,
 "These are the foldiers that surround his hall,
 "And ev'ry fury that can lash Mankind;
 "Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call. 56

XV.

"Fortune's gone forth; you seek a wand'ring dame;
 "A settled residence the harlot scorns:
 "Curse on such visitants! she never came,
 "But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns. 60

XVI.

"To the green vale yon shelt'ring hills surround
 "Go forward; you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell;
 "Would you be taught where Fortune maybe found,
 "None can direct your anxious search so well." 64

XVII.

Forward they went o'er many a dreary spot,
 (Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
 Till, from the casement of a low-roof'd cot,
 Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door. 68

XVIII.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)
 Gave to their questions a serene reply:
 "Hither," she said, "if e'er that goddess came,
 "I saw her not, she pass'd unnotic'd by. 72

XIX.

"Abroad with Contemplation oft' I roam,
 "And leave to Poverty my humble cell;
 "She's my domestic—never stirs from home;
 "If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell. 76

XX.

"The matron eyes us from yon' mantling shade,
 "And, see, her sober footsteps this way bent!
 "Mark, by her side, a little rose-lipp'd maid;
 "'Tis my young daughter, and her name's Content." 79

XXI.

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,
 " Fortune," she cry'd " hath never yet been here ;
 " But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
 " Tells me, her Highness may in time appear. 84

XXII.

" Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot
 " On whom her golden bounty beams divine ;
 " Yet, tho' she never reach our rustic cot,
 " Patience will visit us—We sha'nt repine." 88

XXIII.

After a vast but unavailing round,
 The messengers returning in despair,
 On an high hill a Fairy mansion found,
 And hop'd the goddess Fortune might be there. 92

XXIV.

The dome, so glitt'ring, it amaz'd the sight,
 ('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er)
 Had not a casement to admit the light,
 Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door. 96

XXV.

But, eager to conclude a tedious chase,
 And anxious to return from whence they came,
 Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
 Thrice utter'd awfully Jove's sacred name. 100

XXVI.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
 Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew,
 (Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
 And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view. 104

XXVII.

Oft' for that happiness high courts deny'd
 To this receptacle Dame Fortune ran ;
 When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide
 From the wild suits of discontented man. 108

XXVIII.

Prostrate the delegates their charge declare ;
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
 Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
 And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment-
 seat. 112

XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
 Were gather'd, tho' from diff'rent motives keen;
 Many—to see Dame Fortune's radiant face,
 Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen. 116

XXX.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems;
 He gave her near his own a golden seat:
 Fair Fortune's an adventurer it seems,
 The deities themselves are glad to meet. 120

XXXI.

“ Daughter,” says Jupiter “ you're fore accus'd;
 “ Clamour incessantly reviles your name;
 If by the rancour o' that wretch abus'd,
 “ Be confident, and vindicate your fame. 124

XXXII.

“ Tho' pester'd daily by complaints from man,
 “ Thro' this conviction I record them not:
 “ Let my kind providence do all it can,
 “ None of that species ever lik'd his lot. 128

XXXIII.

“ But the poor quadruped that now appeals,
 “ Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue!
 “ Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
 “ And all his wretchedness he lays to you.” 132

XXXIV.

“ Ask him, high Jupiter!” reply'd the Dame,
 “ In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
 “ Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame
 “ That she descends not to regard—an ass?” 135

XXXV.

Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
 The Dame defendant was discharg'd with grace.
 “ Go,” to the plaintiff, said the Sire, “ and try
 “ By merit to surmount your low-born race. 140

XXXVI.

“ Learn from the lion to be just and brave;
 “ Take from the elephant instruction wise;
 “ With gracious breeding like the horse behave;
 “ Nor the sagacity of hounds despise. 144

"These useful qualities with care imbibe,
 "For which some quadrupeds are justly priz'd :
 "Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
 "And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd." 148

LOVE AND CHASTITY :

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM the high mount * whence sacred groves de-
 pend,
 Diana and her virgin troop descend,
 And while the buskin'd Maids, with active care,
 The bus'ness of the daily chase prepare,
 A fav'rite nymph steps forward from the throng, 5
 And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud-sounding horn,
 Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace,
 And Joy sings a hymn to salute the sweet Morn,
 That smiles on the nymphs of the chase. 10
 'The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
 No rancour disturbs our delight ;
 All day with fresh Vigour we sweep o'er the plains,
 And sleep with Contentment all night,

RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of Love ; 15
 He flies indignant to the sacred grove ;
 Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair ;
 His rosy wings perfume the wanton air ;
 Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs declare.
 A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face, 20
 A frown succeeds—she stops the springing chase,
 And thus forbids the boy the consecrated place.

AIR.

Fond disturber of the heart ?
 From these sacred shades depart ;
 Here's a blooming troop disdains
 Love and his fantastic chains. 25

* Mount Latmos.

Sisters of the silver bow,
 Pure and chaste as virgin snow,
 Melt not at thy feeble fires,
 Wanton god of wild desires!

30

RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,
 While thus the angry goddess he address'd.

AIR.

Virgin-snow does oft remain
 Long unmelted on the plain,
 Till the glorious god of day
 Smiles, and wastes its pride away.
 What is Sol's meridian fire
 To the darts of strong desire?
 Love can light a raging flame
 Hotter than his noontide beam.

35

40

RECITATIVE.

Now through the forest's brown embower'd ways
 With careless steps the young Endymion strays;
 His form erect—loose flows his lovely hair,
 His glowing cheeks, like youthful Hebe's, fair!
 His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move; 45
 His eyes—his ev'ry feature, form'd for love;
 Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,
 Whilst thus invoking sleep the shepherd sung.

AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides
 Near the wood-nymph's rustic grot,
 If the god of Sleep resides,
 Or in Pan's sequester'd cot,
 Hither if he'll lightly tread,
 Follow'd by a gentle dream,
 We'll enjoy this grassy bed,
 On the bank beside the stream.

50

55

RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
 Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
 And now a sporting breeze his bosom shews,
 As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows; 60

The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound,
 Her silver bow falls useless to the ground :
 Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart
 Unerring to her undefended heart.
 She teels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
 And thus persuades her virgins to retire.

65

AIR.

I.

Ye tender Maids ! be timely wise,
 Love's wanton fury shun ;
 In flight alone your safety lies,
 The daring are undone.

70

II.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
 With vultures fell engage ?
 Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
 Or tempt the tiger's rage ?

III.

No, no. Like fawns, ye Virgins ! fly ;
 To secret cells remove ;
 Nor dare the doubtful combat try
 Twixt Chastity and Love.

75

78

HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe, with a blush, comply'd
 To be the fond Nicander's bride,
 His imagination ran
 On raptures never known by man.
 How high the tides of Fancy swell
 Expression must despair to tell.

5

A painter call'd - Nicander cries,
 " Descending from the radiant skies,
 " Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
 " The herald of connubial joy !
 " Draw him with all peculiar care ;
 " Make him beyond Adonis fair ;
 " Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,
 " Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,
 " Lips soft'ning in nectareous dew ;

10

15

“ A lustre o’er his charms display
 “ More glorious than the beams of day.
 “ Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,
 “ A premium for a prince indeed.”

His talents straight the painter try’d, 20
 And, ere the nuptial knot was ty’d,
 A picture in the noblest taste
 Before the fond Nicander plac’d.

The lover thus arraign’d his skill :
 “ Your execution’s monstrous ill ! 25
 “ A diff’rent form my fancy made ;
 “ You’re quite a bungler at the trade.

“ Where is the robe’s luxuriant flow ?
 “ Where is the cheek’s celestial glow ?
 “ Where are the looks so fond and free ? 30
 “ ’Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me.”

The painter bow’d—with this reply :
 “ My colours a’n’t, your honour, dry ;
 “ When time has mellow’d ev’ry tint
 “ ’Twill please you or the deuce is in’t : 35
 “ I’ll watch the happy change, and then
 “ Attend you with my piece again.”

In a few months, the painter came
 With a performance (still the same.)
 “ Take it away !” the husband cry’d ; 40
 “ I have repeated cause to chide.

“ Sir, you should all excesses shun ;
 “ This is a picture overdone !
 “ There’s too much ardour in that eye,
 “ The tincture on the cheek’s too high ; 45
 “ The robes have a lascivious play,

“ The attitude’s too loosely gay.
 “ Friend ! on the whole, this piece, for me,
 “ Is too luxuriant—far too free.”

The painter thus—“ The faults you find 50
 “ Are form’d in your capricious mind :
 “ To passion a devoted slave,
 “ The first directions, Sir, you gave ;

“ Possession has repell’d the flame,
 “ Nor left a sentiment the same. 55

" My picture is design'd to prove
 " The changes of precarious love.
 " On the next staircase, rais'd on high,
 " Regard it with a curious eye.
 " As to the first steps you proceed,
 " 'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed !
 " But as you mount some paces higher,
 " Is there a grace that don't expire ?"

60

So various is the human mind :
 Such are the frailties of mankind !
 What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
 After attainment—droops—and dies.

67

STANZAS

On the Death of his late Majesty King George II.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres. *Hor.*

I.

TENANTS of Liberty on Britain's plain,
 With flocks enrich'd a vast unnumber'd store !
 'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign !
 Your Pan, your great defender, is no more !

4

II.

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
 Where Albion's conq'ring oaks eternal spring,
 In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,
 And silent mourn the venerable King.

8

III.

Hark ! how the winds, oft' bounteous to his will,
 'That bore his conq'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
 After a pause pathetically still,
 Burst in loud peals, and thro' the forests roar.

12

IV.

On Conquest's cheek the vernal roses fail,
 Whilst laurell'd Victory distressful bows ;
 And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
 That late beam'd glorious on our George's brows.

16

V.

The Muses mourn—an ineffectual band !
 Each sacred harp without an owner lies ;

'The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,
For, ah! their patron, their protector, dies. 20

VI.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by Love's designful labour dress'd);
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast, 24

VII.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below;
Whilst Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle
With the slow music of a nation's woe. 28

VIII.

The dreary paths of unrelenting Fate,
Must monarchs, mix'd with common mortals, try?
Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the godlike, doom'd to die? 32

IX.

Must the gay court be chang'd for Horror's cave?
Must mighty kings, that kept the world in awe,
Conquer'd by Time and the unpitying Grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law? 36

X.

If in the tent retir'd or battle's rage,
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Fred'rick's* ear,
He'll drop the sword, or close the darling page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear. 40

XI.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally)
The solemn truth by sage reflection taught,
That, spite of glory, Fred'rick's self shall die. 44

XII

The parent's face a prudent painter hidest,
While Death devours the darling of his age:
Nature the stroke of pencil'd art derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage. 48

* Frederick King of Prussia.

† In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles, despairing to represent the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

XIII.

So let the Muse her sablest curtain spread,
 By sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to know :
 When nations cry their king, their father's dead,
 The rest is dumb unutterable woe ! 52

XIV.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,
 And with returning hope a people cheers :
 Look at yon' youth, with grace imperial crown'd ;
 How awful, yet how lovely, in his tears ! 56

XV.

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh ;
 He droops, distress'd, like a declining flow'r,
 Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high,
 Hails him to hold the regal reins of pow'r. 60

XVI.

The fainted fire to realms of bliss remov'd,
 (Like the fam'd phoenix) from his pyre shall spring
 Successive Georges, gracious, and belov'd,
 And good and glorious, as the parent-king. 64

STANZAS

ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING*.

....tibi, flores, plenis
 Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis. *Virg.*

I.

O'ER nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
 Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring ;
 Rich flow'rets, how fragrant ! rise wantonly round,
 And Summer's wing'd choristers sing ! 4

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle
 The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd !
 The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
 And Cowslips crowd forward in haste. 8

* As the following stanzas have appeared anonymous in some periodical papers, it is thought necessary to observe, that they were originally inserted, with the Author's name, in an Edinburgh Magazine, 1766.

III.

Dispatch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your train
Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet;
Go—rob of young roses the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet. 12

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
For George, oh ye virgins! entwine;
From conquest's own temple these ever-greens came,
And those from the brows of the Nine. 16

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies,)
What glory, to George shall belong!
What Miltons (the other) what Addisons rise,
To make him immortal in song! 20

VI.

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of pow'r,
Whose honours with time shall increase,
And a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of concord and peace. 24

VII.

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's bright
queen
Collected—the pride of the grove;
How fragrant their odour; their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love! 28

VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lilies, cropt close to the ground,
As trophies of conquest be ty'd;
The Virgins all cry, "There's not one to be found;
"Out-bloom'd by his Roses—they dy'd." 32

IV.

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share
With George as our Glories advance—
Thro' envy you'll sicken—you'll droop—you'll de-
spair,
And die—like the Lilies of France. 36

STANZAS

Spoken at a Play at the Theatre at Sunderland.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

I.

WHO can behold, with an unpitying eye,
 The glorious few (with patriotic fire)
 Distress'd---invaded---and resolv'd to die,
 Or keep their independent rights entire?
 Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind
 In their ignoble fetters half mankind. .

II.

The gentle homage that to-night you've paid
 To Freedom and her ever sacred laws,
 The humble off'ring at her altar made,
 Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause. 10
 All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile
 Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Isle!

III.

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand!
 For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
 For ever blasted be that impious hand 15
 That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
 Britons! 'tis your's to make her verdure thrive,
 And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

IV.

O may her rich, her rip'ning fruits of gold,
 Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee! 20
 May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told
 Defended once the fam'd Hesperian tree;
 A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
 With anxious eyes eternally awake. 24

THE VIOLET.

I.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
 Fatal to the pride of rank,
 See me, in my low condition,
 Laughing on the tufted bank. 4

II.

On my robes (for emulation)
 No variety's imprest :
 Suited to an humble station,
 Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

8

III.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,
 May, in her fantastic train,
 When Pastora deigns to wear me,
 Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

12

THE NARCISSUS.

I.

A S pendent o'er the limpid stream
 I bow'd my snowy pride,
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame
 For what the Fates deny'd !

4

The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass.
 With such an angel air,
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

8

II.

Ye Fates ! no longer let me pine,
 A self-admiring sweet !
 Permit me, by your grace divine,
 To kiss the fair-one's feet ;

12

That if by chance the gentle maid
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may—upon her bosom laid,
 In sister-sweets expire.

16

THE BROKEN CHINA.

I.

SOON as the sun began to peep,
 And gild the morning skies,
 Young Chloe, from disorder'd sleep,
 Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

4

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
 That waited on her still,

Had teas'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

3

III.

"Some flock of Fate is surely nigh,"
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid :
"What do these horrid dreams imply ?
"My Cupid can't be dead !"

12

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap ;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

16

V.

And now the best of brittle ware
Her sumptuous table grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

20

VL.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd,
And, bowing, took his seat.

24

VII.

Well—chatting on of that and this
The maid revers'd her cup,
And, tempted by the forfeit kifs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

28

VIII-

With transport he demands the prize ;
Right fairly it was won :
With many a frown the fair denies ;
Fond baits to draw him on.

32

IX.

A man must prove himself polite
In such a case as this ;
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kifs.

36

X.

But as he strove—O, dire to tell !
(And yet with grief I must,)

The table turn'd—the China fell,
A heap of painted dust.

40

XI.

“O fatal purport of my dream!”
The fair afflicted cry'd,
“Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
“By childishness and pride.

44

XII.

“For in a kiss, or two, or three,
“No mischief could be found!
“Then had I been more frank and free,
“My China had been found.”

41

DAMON AND PHŒBE.

I.

WHEN the sweet rosy Morning first peep'd from
the skies,
A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise;
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May;
The swains and their sweethearts, all ranged on the
green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

5

II.

Young Damon stepp'd forward: he sung in her praise,
And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays:
“May this wreath,” said the fair-one, “dear Lord
“of my vows!
“A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows.”
The swains and their sweethearts, that danc'd on the
green,
Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their queen.

9

III.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are told,
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold:
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shakes hands in a cot.
At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has been,
He's as rich as a monarch—she's blest as a queen.

15

18

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN. IN A PANTOMINE.

I.

FROM my favour sense rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected :
Fortune, Harlequin ! hath found you ;
Happiness will hence surround you.

4

II.

Should a thousand Ills inclose you,
Quick contrivance this * bestows you.
Valour makes the fair adore you ;
This † shall drive your foes before you.

8

III.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure ;
Take this purse of Magic treasure.
Go,—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and Jolity attend you.

12

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

I.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows :
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.

4

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of Love.

8

II.

From the west, as it wontonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine ;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine.

12

The pinks, by the rivulet-side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide ;
For May is the mother of love.

16

III.

May tinges the Butterfly's wing;
 He flutters in bridal array;
 And if the wing'd foresters sing,
 The Music is taught them by May. 20

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond blifs in the grove,
 And murm'ring, seems to repeat
 That May is the mother of Love. 24

IA.

The goddess will visit you soon;
 Ye Virgins! be sportive and gay:
 Get your pipes, oh ye Shepherds! in tune,
 For Music must welcome the May. 28

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of Love. 32

ON THE LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written in the Year 1771.

I

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove
 For shelter cry all the long day;
 Their huts in the branches above
 Are cover'd no longer by May. 4

The birds, that so cheerfully sung,
 Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
 And, as they chirp low to their young,
 The want of their goddess bemoan. 8

II.

No daisies, or carpets of green
 O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;
 Not a sweet brier-sprig can be seen
 To finish this wreath for my head. 12

Some flow'rets, indeed may be found,
 But these neither blooming or gay;

The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

16

III.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich tho' fantastical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year.

23

Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine
To see their lov'd gardens undrest:
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine.
Shall always have May in my breast.

24

ON SIR W—B—T's BIRTH DAY.

DOES true Felicity on Grandeur wait?
Delights she in the pageantry of show?
Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happiness bestow?

4

He that is just, benevolent, humane,
In conscious rectitude supremely blest,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,
Tho' the gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his breast,

8

Ye happy Children of the hoary North!
Hail the glad day that saw your patron born,
Whose private virtues, and whose public worth,
Might the rich seats of Royalty adorn.

12

ON SEEING J. C.....FT, ESQ.

ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice
Would a man of worth defame,
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shews his want of shame.

4

Busy, pert, unmeaning, parrot!
Vilest of the venal crews!
Go—and, in your Grub-street garret,
Hang yourself and paltry Muse.

8

Pity too the meddling sinner
Should for hunger hang or drown;
F——x, (he must not want a dinner)—
Send the scribbler half a crown.

12

TO THE HON. MASTER B.....,

SENT WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

THO', gentle Youth! thy calm untainted mind
Be like a morning in the spring serene,
Time may commit the passions unconfin'd
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

4

Then in the morn of placid life be wise,
And travel thro' the groves of science soon;
There cull the plants of virtue, that may rise
A peaceful shelter from that sultry noon.

8

ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

I.
SAY, lov'd Content—fair Goddess! say,
Where shall I seek thy soft retreat,
How shall I find thy halcyon seat,
Or trace thy sacred way;

4

II.
Love pointed out a pleasing scene
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roses and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

8

III.
Delusion all!--a specious cheat!
At my approach the roses fade;
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond deceit.

12

IV.
At courts I've try'd, where splendour shone,
Where Pomp and gilded Cares reside,
'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,
But there thou wast unknown.

16

V.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
 Lodg'd with a long experienc'd sage,
 With the fam'd Chiron † of the stage,
 The goddess deign'd to dwell.

VI.

Integrity and truth serene
 Has eas'd the labours of his breast,
 And lull'd his peaceful heart to rest
 'Midst perfidy and pain.

VII.

A soul like his, disrob'd of guile,
 With native innocence elate,
 Above the keenest rage of Fate
 Can greet her with a smile.

ON SOME BUSSES BEING FITTED OUT FOR
 THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boasts her
 fway.

Round the wide waste of our long slighted sea,
 Let the glad tale in sacred accents swell,
 Let babbling Tritons to the sea gods tell
 " Britain's at last grown conscious of her shame;
 " Britain awakes her ravish'd rights to claim;
 " Britain!...see pale Batavians trembling at the name."
 Abash'd...confounded...let the dull Mynheer
 No more between your sacred banks appear.
 Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,
 Rife our wedded waves before our face?
 Feast on the joys of our luxuriant spouse,
 And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows!
 No, Britons! no...George and your Genius smile,
 And new-born beauties rise propitious to your Isle!

ON GOLD.

BEAUTY's a bawble, a trifle in price!
 'Tis glass, or 'tis something as glaring;
 But set it in Gold—'tis so wonderful nice
 That a prince should be proud in the wearing.

† He had been thirty years Prompter at the London Theatre.

How feeble the transport when passion is gone!
 How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!
 When kissing---and cooing--- and toying are done,
 'Tis gold must enliven the lover. 8

ON HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Particularly admired in a company of Petit-Maitres.

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
 Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
 Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,
 And sensible of song? 4

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
 With true pathetic fire,
 Unfolds the philosophic page,
 The very beaux admire! 8

MELODY.

I.

LIGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows
 Love and Beauty cross'd the plains,
 Flights of little pointed arrows
 Love dispatch'd among the swains. 4

But so much our shepherds dread him,
 (Spoiler of their peace profound,)
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
 Frighted, tho' they felt no wound. 8

II.

Now the wanton god grown slier,
 And for each fond mischief ripe,
 Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe. 12

Echo by the winding river
 Doubles his delusive strains,
 While the boy conceals his quiver
 From the slow-returning swains. 16

III.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Prais'd the sly musician's art,
 Love, his light disguise rejecting,
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart. 20

Cupid will enforce our duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those who timid fly from Beauty,
 May by Melody be caught.

24

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
 Virtue set forth with two selected friends,
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

4

II.

As they went on in their intended round,
 Talent first spoke. "My gentle Comrades! say
 "Where each of you may probably be found,
 "Should accident divide us on the way.

8

III.

"If torn," she added, "from my lov'd allies,
 "A friendly patronage I hope to find
 "Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,
 "And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

11

IV.

Says Virtue, "Did Sincerity appear,
 "Or meek-eye'd Charity, among the great!
 "Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
 "'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat."

16

V.

"Could I find patriots for the public weal
 "Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
 "Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
 "'Tis among those my residence I'd chuse."

20

VI.

"In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside,
 "I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
 "Far from the paths of Avarice or pride,
 "Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell,"

23

VII.

"Ye may be trac'd, my gentle Friends! 'tis true;
 "But who," says Reputation, "can explore
 "My slipp'ry steps?—Keep, keep me in your view:
 "If I'm once lost you'll never find me more."

28

INCANTATION.

*Performed at the Theatre in Sunderland in a new
Pantomime.*

RECITATIVE.

HECATE.

FROM the dark tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of Enchantment! rise.

AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath! [*Witches appear.*
Welcome to the blasted heath; 9
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams! with attention keen
Wait the wish of Harlequin. 10
Many a wonder must be done,
For my first, my fav'rite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate! for your fav'rite son. 14

AN INSCRIPTION

*On the House at Marvis Bank, near Edinburgh,
Situated in a grove.*

PARVA domus! nemorosa quies!
Sis tu, quoque nostris
Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!
Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomona que menfas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes! 5
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,,
Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus
Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel fero senefas, 10
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra raddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant
Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas. 15

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

PEACE has explor'd this sylvan scene;
 She courts your calm retreat,
 Ye Groves of variegated green!
 That grace my genial feat.

4

Here in the lap of lenient Ease,
 (Remote from madd'ning noise,)
 Let me delude a length of days
 In dear domestic joys!

8

II.

Long may the parent queen of Flow'rs
 Her fragrance here display!
 Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
 And Make my portals gay!

12

Nor you—my yellow Gardens! fail
 To swell Pomona's hoard;
 So shall the plenteous rich regale—
 Replenish long my board.

16

III.

Pour thro' the groves your carols clear,
 Ye Birds! nor bondage dread:
 If any toils entangle here,
 'Tis those which love hath spread.

20

Where the green hill so gradual flants,
 Or flow'ry glade extends,
 Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts
 Prove social to my friends!

24

IV.

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
 My happy halcyon Seat!
 Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,
 Far distant be its date.

28

And when he makes, with iron rage,
 The youthful pride his prey,
 Long may the honours of thy age
 Be rev'renc'd in decay!

32

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION ON THE SAME HOUSE.

HANC in gremio resonantis sylvæ
 Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
 Cæterisque ruris honoribus,
 Undique renidentem villam,
 Non magnificam---non superbam : 5
 At qualem vides,
 Commodam, mundam, genialem
 Naturæ parem, focians artem,
 Sibi, suisque
 Ad vitam placide, 10
 Et tranquille agendum
 Designavit, instruxitque. 12

D. I. C.

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

IN the deep bosom of my grove
 A sweet recess survey,
 Where birds with elegies of love
 Make vocal ev'ry spray.
 A sylvan spot ! with woods--with waters crown'd,
 With all the rural honours blooming round ! 6

II.

This little but commodious seat
 (Where Nature weds with Art)
 A'nt to the eye superbly great ;
 Its beauties charm the heart.
 Here may the happy founder and his race
 Pass their full days in harmony and peace. 12

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKEN BY MR. DIGGES AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter or the star of state,
 That on the vain or on the vicious wait,
 Such emblems with such emphasis impart
 As an insignium near the Mason's heart ?

Hail, sacred Masonry! of source divine, 5
 Unerring mistress of the faultless line!
 Whose plumb of truth with never-failing sway
 Makes the join'd parts of symmetry obey.

Hail to the Craft! at whose serene command
 The gentle Arts in glad obedience stand; 10
 Whose Magic stroke bids fell Confusion cease,
 And to the finish'd Orders yield its place;
 Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
 And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd; 15
 She regulates the morals, squares the mind;
 Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
 And points the tide of passions where to roll;
 On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
 And forms her Lodge an universal school, 20
 Where Nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,
 And sense and Science join'd go hand in hand.
 O! may her social rules instructive spread
 Till Truth erect her long neglected head;
 Till thro' deceitful Night she dart her ray, 25
 And beam full glorious in the blaze of day!
 Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move,
 Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
 And the whole human race be bound in brothers' love.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

At a Charitable Benefit-Play, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease;
 To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace;
 To quell Adversity—or turn her darts;
 To stamp Fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
 For these high motives—these illustrious ends, 5
 Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
 Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
 She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
 And tender as a fond young lover's dream: 10

Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
 And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes :
 From her high residence, from realms above,
 She comes, sweet harbinger of heav'nly love ! 14
 Her sister's charms* are more than doubly bright
 From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night.
 An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
 And on the gen'rous cheek a tincture glows [rose.
 More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal
 The lofty pyramid shall cease to live ; 20
 Fleeting the praise such monuments can give !
 But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,
 Sweet Charity ! amidst his ruins spar'd,
 Secures her votaries' unblasted fame,
 And in celestial annals saves their name. 25

AN INVITATION.

*Including the Characters of the particular Company
 that frequented Mr. Buxton's elegant Country-House
 at Weston, the Family intending for London.*

COME Daphne ! as the widow'd turtle true,
 Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful crew !
 Come, Delia ! beauteous as the new-born Spring,
 With song more soft than raptur'd angels sing :
 Let Thirsis in the bloom of summer's pride, 5
 With folded arms walk pensive by her side.
 Clarinda ! come, like rosy Morning fair,
 Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere :
 On her shall Cymon gaze with rude delight,
 Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite. 10
 Dorinda next---her gay good humour fled,
 With silent steps and grief-dejected head !
 Palemon ! see his tuneless harp unstrung
 Is on the willow-boughs neglected hung !
 Come, Celia ! sigh'd for by unnumber'd swains : 15
 Rosetta ! pride of the extended plains :

* The Countess of Northumberland, who honoured the Charity with her presence.

With Phillis whose unripen'd charms display
 A dawn that promises the future day.
 With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves repair;
 The conscious shades shall witness our despair: 20
 To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late so gay,
 Where in sweet converse we were wont to stray,
 The joys we've lost in plaintive numbers tell,
 And bid the social feast a long farwel!

AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

TO an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
 The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid.
 Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
 If the dull rules of duty are forgot,
 Whatever ills from her defection rise,
 The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties. 6

AN INTRODUCTION

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
*To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the
 Widows and Orphans of that Place.*

ON Widows---Orphans---left alas! forlorn,
 (From the rack'd heart its ev'ry comfort torn)
 Humanity to-night confers relief,
 And softens though she can't remove their grief.
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd, 5
 The sons of Sympathy, with sorrow chill'd.
 Behold the wretched Matron madly weep,
 And hear her cry---"My joys are in the deep!"
 To the tremendous Pow'r that rules mankind,
 Lord of the seas---the calm and boist'rous wind, 10
 We bow obedient, and with awe resign'd!
 His ways inscrutable we can't explore:
 No---we may wonder, but we must adore.
 Happy for ever be the gen'rous breast
 That feels compassion for the poor distress'd! 15
 Happy the hand that stops the suff'rer's tear!
 Such hands there are, and such we find are here. 17

A PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS.

*Delivered from the Stage by a Lady, at a Comedy
countenanced by that Fraternity.*BROTHERS—'tis bold to interrupt your meeting,
But from the female world I wait you greeting.[*Curtseys.*]

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons
That make them hope to be receiv'd as Masons.
To keep a secret, not one hint expressing;
To rein the tongue—O husbands! there's a blessing.
As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,
Why should the fair be barr'd from installation?
If you suppose us weak indeed you wrong us;
Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us. 10
Think—Brothers—think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us
How to be wiser and more cautious teach us;
Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us.
The faults of late, and ev'ry foul miscarriage, 15
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us. 20

A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honest Tom G——d* get rid of a scold,
The torture and plague of his life,
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

A FRAGMENT.

*Part of a Poem written on Miss Bellamy when in
Dublin.*

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms, unty'd
She soars with sacred Nature for her guide.
The smile of Peace—the wildness of Despair—
The soft'ning sigh—the soul dissolving tear;

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an Inn in Yorkshire.

Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew, 5
Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art,
To search the soul, and trace the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected ease,
To form the yielding passions as you please! 10

Oldmixon's* charms, by melody impress'd,
May gently touch the long-enamour'd breast;
But transient raptures must attend the wound
Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!

Or should Mechel† all languishing advance, 15
Her limbs display'd in ev'ry maze of dance,
(The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight;
But breathing wit with judgment must unite
To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight. 19

A FRAGMENT.

TO MR. WOODS,

Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.

WHERE Mersey‡ rolls her wealth-bestowing waves,
And the wide sandy beach triumphant laves;
Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides
Unmov'd by storms, unhurt by threat'ning tides,
Commerce—paternal goddess! sits serene, 5
Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-topp'd spire;
Simple her seat---and artless her attire!
Around attendant priests in order wait,
Guileless of pomp and ignorant of state; 10
The godhead's pow'r tho' unadorn'd they own,
And bend with incense at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld---she quits the ambient skies,
And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:
“Is it for thee---my Woods! to sit supine? 15
“ (Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
“Is it for thee---to whose mysterious hand
“Science and sister Arts obsequious stand, 18

* A lady celebrated for singing.

† A dancer then in Smock-alley Theatre.

‡ The river Mersey, at Liverpool.

"Inglorious thus to let a goddess pine?
 "No throne---no temple---no superior shrine! 20
 "Haste, haste! command the well-wrought columns rise
 "And lift my fav'rite Commerce to the skies." 22
 * * * * *

A RECANTATION.

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,
 I've thoughtless flatter'd what in truth I hate.

ACROSTIC.

PRAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces,
 (On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their places)
 Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces.
 Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright ye.
 You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite ye.
 Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceeding,
 Understand, dear Ma'nna, there's some mischief a-
 breeding;
 There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
 That your loves and your graces all fwerve from
 their duty.
 On my life, says dame Venus, I'll not thus be put on;
 Now I think on't last night some one call'd me Miss
 Sutton.

11

ACROSTIC.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows
 In the lap of northern snows,
 Deserts gloomy cold and drear,
 Only let the nymph be there,
 Wreaths of budding sweets would wear. 5
 May would ev'ry fragrance bring,
 All the vernal bloom of spring:
 Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
 Dancing would attend their queen,
 Ev'ry flow'r that Nature spreads
 Rising where the charmer treads!

11

A CHARACTER.

THE Muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,
He's captain at once to four different kings;
And though in their battles he boldly behaves,
To their queens he's a cull and a dupe to their
knaves.

Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the chace, 5
Young Hobbinsol's hunting the critical ace:
On feasts or on fasts though the parson exclaim,
Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his game:
Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of his fold;
For he's always at church—when a tythe's to be sold.

WITH A PRESENT.

1.
LET not the hand of Amity be nice,
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name. 4

II.
The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as a token of esteem. 8

III.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand---their due,
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

12

SENT TO MISS BELL H.....,

HAPPY WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.
trifles! can you bear

Sighs of fondness to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell
How I love my charming Bell,
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go ye trifles, gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)

Fly—your envy'd blifs to meet ;
Fly, and kifs the charmer's feet.

10

Happy there with waggish play
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night
Robb'd of his fupreme delight,
To fubdue your wanton pride,
Ufelefs you'll be thrown afide.

16

FROM A TRUANT
TO HIS FRIENDS.

'TIS not in cells, or a fequefter'd cot,
The mind and morals properly expand :
Let youth ftep forward to a bufier fpot,
Led by Difcretion's cool conducting hand. 4
To learn fome leffons from the fchools of man,
(Forgive me) I forfook my darling home ;
Not from a light and undigefled plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam. 8

In your affections (let refentment fly)
Reftore me to my long-accustom'd place ;
Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,
And prefs me in the parent's fond embrace 12

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

I.

HYPOCRISY's Son !
No more of your fun ;
A truce with fanatical raving.
Why censure the ftage ?
'Tis known to the age
That both of us thrive by---deceiving. 6
'Tis frequently faid
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other befpatter :
But truft me they're fools
Who play with edg'd tools ;
So let's have no more of the matter. 12

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LIFE of the Author - - - - -	5
PASTORALS.	
Day,——Morning - - - - -	12
Noon - - - - -	13
Evening - - - - -	14
Palemon - - - - -	15
Pomona - - - - -	16
Delia - - - - -	18
Damon and Phillis - - - - -	19
Corydon - - - - -	20
Corydon and Phillis - - - - -	21
Content - - - - -	22
The Respite - - - - -	23
A Pastoral - - - - -	24
A Pastoral Hymn to Janus - - - - -	25
FABLES.	
The Ant and Caterpillar - - - - -	27
The Rose and Butterfly - - - - -	28
The Sheep and Bramble-Bush - - - - -	29
The Fox and Cat - - - - -	ib.
TALES.	
The Thrush and Pie - - - - -	31
The Picture - - - - -	32
The Witch - - - - -	33
ODES.	
An Irregular Ode on Music - - - - -	35
A Birth-Day Ode - - - - -	36
An Ode for the Birth-day of the King of Prussia - - - - -	37
An Ode for the Birth-day of General Blakeney - - - - -	39
SONGS.	
May-Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen - - - - -	40
Kitty Fell - - - - -	41
Phillis - - - - -	42
Fanny of the Dale - - - - -	43
Daphne - - - - -	ib.
Amphitryon - - - - -	44
Thyrsis - - - - -	45
A Man to my Mind - - - - -	46
The Miller - - - - -	47

	CONTENTS.	PAGE
The Sycamore Shade	- - - -	48
The Season for Love	- - - -	59
The Birth-day of Phillis	- - - -	ib.
The Hawthorn Bower	- - - -	50
The Warning	- - - -	51
Fancy	- - - -	52
Newcastle Beer	- - - -	ib.
Holyday Gown	- - - -	54
An Election Ballad	- - - -	55
Another	- - - -	56
Another	- - - -	57
A Song	- - - -	58
A Song	- - - -	ib.
A Song	- - - -	59
A Three-Part Catch	- - - -	ib.
The Toast	- - - -	60
A Sonnet	- - - -	ib.

EPISTLES.

To a Young Widow	- - - -	61
To Delia	- - - -	ib.
To Chloe	- - - -	62
To Ditto	- - - -	ib.
To Mr. ———	- - - -	ib.
To the Author of Poems written by Nobody	- - - -	63
Apollo to the Company at Harrowgate	- - - -	ib.
Apollo to Mr. C. F.	- - - -	64

PROLOGUES.

At the opening the Theatre of York	- - - -	65
At the opening of a Theatre at Whitby	- - - -	ib.
On opening the Theatre at Whitby the ensuing Season	- - - -	66
In the Character of a Sailor	- - - -	67
To Love and Fame	- - - -	68
On opening the New Theatre at Newcastle	- - - -	69
To the Muse of Ossian	- - - -	ib.
To Rule a Wife	- - - -	70
On opening the Edinburgh Theatre in 1763	- - - -	71
On Mrs. Bellamy's First Appearance at Edinburgh	- - - -	72
On reviving the Merchant of Venice at the Time the Bill had passed for the Naturalization of the Jews	- - - -	ib.
On some Country Lads performing the Devil of a Wife in the Christmas Holidays	- - - -	73
To the Recruiting Officer	- - - -	74

EPILOGUES.

Spoke at Edinburgh, by Mrs. Bellamy, to the Tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra	- - -	75
In the Character of Lady Fanciful	- - -	ib.
In the Character of Mrs. Deborah Woodcock	-	76
To the Muse of Ossian	- - - -	77
In the Character of Lady Townly	- - -	78
Designed to be spoken at Alnwick on resigning the Playhouse, &c.	- - - -	79
Spoken by Mrs. G. at her Benefit	- - -	80
Spoken by a Child nine years old	- - -	81

EPIGRAMS.

An Epigram	- - - -	82
Another	- - - -	ib.
On Mr. Churchill's Death	- - - -	ib.
Another Epigram	- - - -	ib.

IMITATIONS.

Anacreon, Ode V.	- - - -	83
Ode IX.	- - - -	ib.
Ode XIV.	- - - -	84
Ode XIX.	- - - -	85
Ode XXXIII.	- - - -	ib.
Ode LVIII.	- - - -	86
Ditto	- - - -	87
The Dance Anacreontic	- - - -	ib.
Horace, Ode X.	- - - -	88
Sappho's Hymn to Venus	- - - -	89
Moschus Idyllium VII. translated	- - - -	90

MISCELLANIES.

An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins	- - - -	91
On the Death of Lord Granby	- - - -	95
On the Death of Mr. — of Sunderland	- - - -	96
On the Death of Mr. Sleigh of Stockton	- - - -	ib.
On a very Young Lady	- - - -	ib.
On Alderman W—— the History of his Life	- - - -	97
An Elegy on his Death	- - - -	ib.
Epigraph for Dean Swift's Monument	- - - -	ib.
The Contemplatist	- - - -	ib.
A Landscape	- - - -	102
Fortune; an Apologue	- - - -	105
Love and Chastity	- - - -	110
Hymen	- - - -	112

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Stanzas on the Death of George II.	114
——— on the forwardness of Spring	116
——— at a Benefit Play for the Corsicans	118
The Violet	ib.
The Narcissus	119
The Broken China	ib.
Damon and Phœbe	121
Fortune to Harlequin	122
On the approach of May	ib.
On the late absence of May	123
On Sir W— B—T's Birth-day	124
On seeing J. C——, Esq. abused in a Newspaper	ib.
To the Honourable Master B——	125
On seeing W. R. Chetwood cheerful in a Prison	ib.
On seeing some Busses for the Herring Fishery	126
On Gold	ib.
On hearing D. Hume admired in a Company of Petit-Maitres	127
Melody	ib.
Reputation	128
Incantation	129
Latin Inscription	ib.
The above imitated	130
Another Latin Inscription	131
The above imitated	ib.
An Eulogium on Masonry	ib.
An Eulogium on Charity	132
An Invitation, &c.	133
An Apology for a certain Lady	134
An Introduction to a Play at Sunderland	ib.
A Petition to the Worshipful Free Masons	135
A Postscript	ib.
A Fragment	ib.
Another Fragment	136
A Recantation	137
Acrostic	ib.
A Character	138
With a Present	ib.
Sent to Miss Bell H——, with a Pair of Buckles	ib.
From a Truant to his Friends	139
From the Author to a Methodist Preacher	ib.

List of the works published in
COOKE'S
POCKET LIBRARY.

Each Work may be had in separate Numbers.

SELECT NOVELS.		SELECT NOVELS.		SELECT NOVELS.	
Solyman and Almena	0 6	Adventures of an Atom	1 6	Moral Tales	- 3 6
Zadig	0 6	Vicar of Wakefield	1 6	Count Fathom	- 3 6
Almorán and Hamet	0 6	Chinese Tales	1 6	Tales of the Genii	3 6
Sentimental Journey	0 6	Launcelot Greaves	1 6	Roderic Random	- 3 6
Nourjahad	0 6	Tale of a Tub	1 6	Tristram Shandy	4 0
Castle of Otranto	1 0	Jonathan Wild	1 6	Robinson Crusoe	- 4 0
Rasselas	1 0	Devil on Two Sticks	2 0	Amelia	- 4 6
Theodosius & Constantia	1 0	Gulliver's Travels	2 0	Chrysal	- 5 0
Bellisarius	1 0	Sisters	2 0	Gil Blas	- 5 6
Pompey the Little	1 0	Henrietta	2 0	Peregrine Pickle	6 6
Candid	1 0	Joseph Andrews	2 6	Tom Jones	- 6 6
Journey to next World	1 0	Telemachus	3 0	Arabian Nights	7 6
Peruvian Princess	1 6	Female Quixotte	3 0	Don Quixotte	- 8 0
Louisa Mildmay	- 1 6	Humphrey Clinker	3 0	Pamela	- 9 0

SELECT POETS.		SELECT POETS.		SELECT POETS.	
Goldsmith	- 0 6	Garth	- 0 6	Moore	- 1 0
Gray	- 0 6	Sheffield	- 0 6	Shakspeare	- 1 6
Armstrong	- 0 6	Addison	- 1 0	Parnel	- 1 6
Falconer	- 0 6	Congreve	- 1 0	Waller	- 1 6
Collins	- 0 6	Ticket	- 1 0	Langhorne	- 1 6
Otway	- 0 6	Fenton	- 1 0	Glover	- 2 0
Recheſter	- 0 6	Rowe	- 1 0	Shenstone	- 2 0
Smollett	- 0 6	Mickle	- 1 0	Akenſide	- 2 0
Johnſon	- 0 6	Broome	- 1 0	Thomſon	- 2 6
Pomfret	- 0 6	Mallett	- 1 0	Young	- 4 0
Dodſley	- 0 6	Cunningham	- 1 0	Pope	- 4 0
Lyttleton	- 0 6	Lanſdown	- 1 0	Milton	- 4 0
Waiſh	- 0 6	Blackmore	- 1 0	Dryden	- 5 6

SACRED CLASSICS.		SACRED CLASSICS.		SACRED CLASSICS.	
Economy of Human Life	0 6	Dodd on Death	- 1 0	Rowe's Letters	2 0
Death of Abel	1 0	Dodd's Prison Thoughts	1 0	Pilgrim's Progreſs	2 0
Addiſon's Evidences of		Rowe's D. v. Exercises	1 0	Hervey's Meditations	2 6
the Chriſtian Religion	1 0	Centaur not Fabulous	1 0		

BRITISH CLASSICS.		BRITISH CLASSICS.		BRITISH CLASSICS.	
Goldſmith's Eſſays	1 0	Citizen of the World	3 0	Rambler	6 6
Idler	2 6	Adventurer	5 0		

Which will be followed by others of equal Eſtimation, viz.

The Spectator	Guardian	World
Tatler	Connoisseur	Mirror, &c.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

with continuations by

SMOLLETT AND LLOYD.

Hume,	53 Numbers,	Price £1 6 6
Smollett,	34 Numbers,	- 0 17 0
Lloyd,	24 Numbers,	- 0 12 0

Embelliſhed with upwards of One Hundred Engravings, conſiſting of
 Hiſtorical Subjects and Portraits of all the Monarchs.

Either of the Parts may be purchaſed ſeparate.

LYTTLETON'S WORKS,
 forming part of
 Cooke's Pocket Edition of
 the Original & Complete Works of
 SELECT BRITISH POETS,
 or Entertaining Poetical Library,
 containing the most Esteemed
 Poetic Productions
 Superbly Embellished.

Printed by G. Cooke, in Great Britain.



Printed by G. Cooke, in Great Britain.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD LYTTLETON.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Thy heart, O LYTTLETON ! shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve ;
Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

Hammond.

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O LYTTLETON, the friend !-----
Oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning with warm benevolence of mind
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue and her arts revive ;
Or turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song
Till nobly rises emulous thy own.

4

Thomson's Summer.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
and sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland,



Engraved by J. Granger from a drawing by R. Kneller taken from a painting by B. Kneller R.A.

LORD LYTTLETON.

Engraved for C. Cooke Sep^r 9. 1797.

LIFE OF LYTTLETON.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart. of Hagley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. His mother, Christian Temple, was sister of Sir Richard Temple, Bart. of Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, afterwards Lord Viscount Cobham. He had six brothers and as many sisters.

He was initiated in classical learning at Eton school, where he attained to so great a degree of eminence, that his exercises were recommended by the masters as models to the scholars in the same class. He acquired much reputation also from his poetical compositions, which were highly esteemed for their correctness and elegance. His *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country* and his verses on *Good Humour* were written at school.

From Eton he went to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he retained the reputation for superior talents he had acquired at Eton, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on *Blenheim*, written in 1727.

He did not stay long at Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and visited France and Italy, but resided some time at Luneville, in Lorraine, as appears by his letters to his father, in which he describes the places he visited, and relates some of the principal incidents of his journey. In one of his letters he expresses his dissatisfaction at the thought of returning to Luneville, to the following import: "Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to the influence of bad example, as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and in many instances peculiar to itself. This is the first and strongest reason why I despair of being happy in Lorraine. I am not only averse to, but have often expressed my contempt for, the sopperies and ridiculous customs which are so prevalent in this seat of luxury and dissipation." It is impossible to peruse his letters to his father without being charmed with the manly and virtuous sentiments which he discovers, his strong aversion to vice and folly, and particularly with the unaffected ardour of filial affection which runs through the whole.

At Paris he employed much of his time in the cultivation of his poetical talents, and wrote a very manly and correct epistle to Dr. Ayscough, a divine of great learning and probity, who had been his tutor at Oxford, afterwards became his relation, and was appointed tutor to the young princes, and promoted to the deanery of Bristol. During his absence he wrote a poetical epistle to Pope, from Rome, and when he came back to England, in 1730, he addressed an epistle to Lord Hervey, from Hagley, in Worcestershire. Soon after his return he obtained a seat in parliament, for Oakhampton, in Devonshire, and soon

distinguished himself amongst the most strenuous opposers of Sir Robert Walpole, though his father enjoyed a lucrative employment under government, and was of course pledged to vote with the court. He soon became popular for his parliamentary abilities, inasmuch that for several years the name of George Lyttleton was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole; and was, upon all occasions, an able coadjutor with Pulteney, Pitt, &c. in every measure of opposition. In fact, his zeal was considered by the courtiers, not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and when Walpole, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttleton from the secret committee.

The violence of his opposition to the administration of Walpole has subjected him to the imputation of ingratitude; for it appears from a letter to his father, dated at Luneville, that Walpole's recommendation procured him the friendship of Prince Craon. His words are these: "You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter, and do justice to Prince Craon, who has expressed his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot duly acknowledge.

In 1735 he published his *Persian Letters*, in imitation of those of Montesquieu, whom he had known in England. The character of a young man, Dr. Johnson says, is very visible in them. They have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward. In the following year he addressed an elegant copy of verses to his cousin Pitt, on his losing his commission in the army for his conduct in parliament.

In 1737 the Prince of Wales, having incurred the displeasure of his father, quitted St. James's Palace, established a separate court, and received with open arms the opponents of the minister. Upon the resignation of Mr. Pelham, Mr. Lyttleton was made secretary to the Prince, with the addition of 240l. annually to his salary, as appears by his letter to his father, dated from Clifden, in which he says, "I came here yesterday to thank his Royal Highness for having augmented my salary 240l. a year, by putting it upon the same footing with that of Mr. Molyneux under the King, when he was Prince.

As he had the confidence of the Prince, he pointed out to him the expediency of patronizing men of literature, in order to advance his character and acquire popularity; in consequence of which Mallet, at his recommendation, was appointed under-secretary, with a pension of 200l. and Thomson had a pension of 100l. a year. For Thomson he always retained the warmest

friendship, and at length procured him the place of surveyor general of the Leward Islands. Moore, a contemporary writer, endeavoured to obtain his favour by an apologetical poem, entitled *the Trial of Selim the Persian*, but this bard did not succeed in his attempt.

He now became so powerful a speaker in the House of Commons, that he was considered as one of the pillars of the opposition, and Pope, who was continually pointing his satire against the ministry, took an opportunity of passing an eulogium upon Lyttleton, amongst other eminent patriots of that day. This drew upon him the reproaches of the members of administration, and particularly of Mr. Henry Fox, who, in the House, censured with the utmost severity his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious as Pope. Lyttleton, with manly spirit, retorted, that he deemed it the highest honour to be admitted into the familiarity of so great a genius and so accomplished a poet.

Having thus rendered himself conspicuous in the great world, he entered into the married state, with Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh, in Devonshire, with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity.

At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honours and profit were of course distributed amongst his opponents. Lyttleton, in 1744, was made one of the Lords of the Treasury, and, as is the common case, from that time as warmly supported, as he had formerly opposed, the schemes of the ministry.

Politics, however, did not wholly engross his attention.—When weary with faction, he used very often to visit his cousin West, at Wickham, who was a zealous advocate for the cause of Christianity. Dr. Johnson says, that Lyttleton had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts concerning divine revelation; but he thought the time was come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. Through his conversation with Mr. West, aided by close application to study, his investigation ended in conviction. He found that religion was true; and what he had learned, he endeavoured to teach, for in 1747 he produced his *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*, a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his satisfaction in the following letter.

“ I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I do

not doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son." The pleasure which such a letter must have given to such a son is inexpressible.

In the beginning of this year (1747) his wife died in child-bed. Her sickness is feelingly described in his forty first letter to his father, and he perpetuated her memory in a Monody that will be read while conjugal affection and a taste for poetry exist in this country. She was buried at Over-Arley, in Staffordshire, but a very elegant monument is erected to her memory in the chancel of the church at Hagley. He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, after a while, he sought happiness again by a second marriage, with the daughter of Field Marshal Sir Robert Rich. "She was an intimate and dear friend," says Mr. West, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, June 1749, "of his former wife, which is some kind of proof of her merit: I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttleton esteems, and I hope she will not in this disappoint his expectations. In all other points she is well suited to him, being extremely well accomplished in languages, music, and painting; and very sensible and well bred." It is said the experiment was unsuccessful.

In 1751 his father died, when he inherited a Baronet's title, with a considerable estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn with expensive buildings and rural decorations. Hagley Park, the scene of these lavish operations, is frequently described as a terrestrial paradise.

Shenstone was Lyttleton's neighbour, friend, and rival, in landscape-gardening, and it is said that his improvements at the Leasowes, excited at first the contempt and afterwards the envy of the inhabitants of Hagley, who, Dr. Johnson says, took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely, to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain.

This charge against the Lyttleton family has been denied by Mr. Greaves, who says that "the Lyttleton family went so frequently with their company to the Leasowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Shenstone's retirement on every occasion; and therefore often went to the principal points in view without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this Shenstone would sometimes peevishly complain, though I am persuaded he never really suspected any ill-natured intentions in his worthy and much valued neighbours." One cannot be persuaded that a mind so pure and benevolent as that of Lyttleton was ever debased by such unworthy passions.

As he continued the exertions of his great abilities in Parliament in the service of the ministry, he was gradually advancing his claim to preferment. Accordingly, in 1754, he resigned his seat at the Treasury Board, being appointed Cofferer to the Household, and Privy Counsellor. In December 20, 1755, he exchanged the place of Cofferer of the Household for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office, however, that seems to have required some qualifications which he soon perceived himself to want, and which he retained only till the appointment of Mr. Legge, in November 1756.

The year after, his curiosity led him into Wales, of which, according to Dr. Johnson, he has given an account, perhaps rather with too much affectation of delight, in two letters to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he had conceived a more favourable opinion than he seems to have deserved; and whom, having once espoused his interest and fame, he was never persuaded to disown. In an affectionate letter to Dr. Doddridge, on his removing to Lisbon for the recovery of his health, he thus expresses his attachment to Bower. "You have brought on your distemper by too continual study and labour in your spiritual function, and remission of mind is absolutely necessary for your recovery: I therefore request it of you not to write the preface to Bower's book, it will do more harm than good to him. The merit of the work will bear it up against all these attacks; and as to the ridiculous story of my having discarded him, the intimate friendship in which we continue to live will be a sufficient answer to that, and better than testimony formally given." Bower, whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by an universal outcry, for having written the history of the Popes, and in it vindicated the doctrines of the Papacy, he maintained his ground, and repelled the attacks of his adversaries. It appeared, however, from an attestation of Mrs. Bower, that, "during seventeen years that she had constantly lived with him, he always professed himself a Protestant, acted conformably to that profession, and that he died in the communion of the Church of England, and made an edifying departure."

When the inauspicious commencement of the war with France, in 1757, rendered the dissolution of the ministry inevitable, Sir George Lyttleton losing his employment with the rest of his colleagues, his services were recompensed with a peerage, being created Baron Lyttleton, of Frankley, in the county of Worcester: so that, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, "he rested from political turbulence in the House of Lords."

In the course of this year he published his *Dialogues of the Dead*, which were very eagerly read, though they seem to be the production rather of leisure than of study; rather effusions than compositions. The names of his persons, too, often en-

able the reader to anticipate their conversation, and when they have met, they too often part without a conclusion. He has copied *Fenelon* more than *Fontenelle*. When they were first published, they were kindly commended by the *Critical Reviewers*, for which, Johnson says, poor Lyttleton, with humble gratitude, returned his acknowledgments in a note which he had read—acknowledgments either for flattery or justice.

His last literary production was his *History of Henry the Second*, in three volumes, quarto; the result of the researches and deliberations of twenty years. The account of this publication, as given by Dr. Johnson, is remarkable. “The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression, but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expence of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755; three volumes appeared in 1764; a second edition in 1767, and the conclusion in 1771. Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters, or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttleton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the Second*. The book was at last pointed and printed, and sent into the world; Lyttleton took money for his copy, of which, when he had paid the *printer*, he probably gave the rest away, for he was very liberal to the indigent. When time brought the history to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded, and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Dr. Saunders. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the edition of Dr. Saunders is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors of nineteen pages.”

It is much to be wished, that in this passage Dr. Johnson had observed his own humane maxim in the “*Life of Addison*, of not giving a pang to a daughter, a brother, or a friend.” The nice attention to punctuation with which *Henry the Second* was published, is attributed to such anxiety as only vanity can dictate, when good motives were avowed by the author, and known by his friends, such as his desire to correct mistakes, his fear of being too harsh on some characters, and other laudable motives.

This Work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity, and with a strict regard to the authority of original writers. The style is perspicuous and unaffected; generally correct, and often elegant and masterly. The senti-

ments and remarks are judicious and pertinent, liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. The account of the state of our ancient government, laws, customs and manners, is very copious and eminently useful, so as to make the work strictly and properly a constitutional history.

His *Verses to the Countess of Egremont*, and *Letter to Lord Hardwicke*, in 1761, were poetical productions. He spent the latter part of his life in retirement. Our author, according to Dr. Johnson, had never the appearance of a strong or a healthy man; and had a slender, uncompacted frame, and a m-agre face. It is certain, however, that at one period of his life, he entertained a more favourable opinion of his constitution; for, in a letter to his father, dated from the neighbourhood of Soissons in France, he says, "I believe there is not a young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself, being blessed with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and easy fortune."

We subjoin the very affecting and instructive narrative of his death, given by his physician, as the most striking display of his moral character.

"On Sunday evening, the symptoms of his Lordship's disorder, which, for a week past, had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; and although his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties now seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

"His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of different kinds accounts, for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

"Though his Lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was easily persuaded for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were notwithstanding some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his Lordship sent for me, and said, he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring.---"Doctor," said he, "you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and

sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.

“At another time he said, ‘I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness. I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.’

“On the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, ‘I shall die; but it will not be your fault.’ When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his Lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, ‘Be good, be virtuous, my Lord, you must come to this.’ Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening, and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22d. when, between seven and eight o’clock, he expired almost without a groan.”

His Lordship was buried at Hagley, and the following inscription is cut on the side of his Lady’s monument:

This unadorned stone was placed here
By the particular desire and express
Directions of the Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON,

Who died August 22d. 1773, aged 64.

By his first Lady, he had one son, Thomas, who inherited his title and estates, and two daughters, Mary, who died an infant, and Lucy, married to Lord Valentia, of the kingdom of Ireland. He had no children by his second lady. Thomas Lord Lyttleton married Apphiah, second daughter of Broome Witts, Esq. of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, the widow of Colonel Peach, and died in 1780, leaving no issue. In early life he exhibited proofs of the most splendid talents, and rendered himself singular for the prostitution of them to the most ignoble purposes. His abilities as a parliamentary orator recommended him to the ministry, and procured him an appointment to the sinecure of chief justice in Eyre, a place which his father with superior pretensions could never obtain.

A small collection of Poems, by a young Nobleman lately deceased, quarto, has been attributed to him, and two volumes of Letters are supposed to have come from his pen, which in the reading have afforded much entertainment. They are generally accounted spurious, but in their composition, sentiment, and diction, they bear evident traits of his genius and turn of mind. An original novel, in twelves, 1775, entitled *The Correspondents*, which exhibits a series of letters supposed by

some to have been written by his father, to Mrs. Peach, is likewise conjectured by others to have been his production. Though a similarity of style prevails throughout the whole series of these letters, they are such traits of originality and allusions to time, place, and circumstance, as bear the strongest marks of their not being founded on fiction.

The works of George Lord Lyttleton, formerly printed separately with some other pieces, never before printed, were collected and published by his nephew Edward Ayscough, Esq. in one volume, quarto, 1774. The pieces formerly printed and collected into this publication, are, "Observations on the Life of Cicero."---"Observations on the present State of Affairs, in a letter to a Member of Parliament."---"Letters from a Persian in England to his friend at Ispahan."---"Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul."---"Dialogues of the Dead."---"Miscellaneous Poems."

The pieces which were never before printed, are, "Observations on the Roman History."---"Four Dialogues of the Dead."---"Four Speeches in Parliament."---"Letters to Sir Thomas Lyttleton," and "An Account of a Journey into Wales, in two Letters to Mr. Bower."

The character of George Lord Lyttleton, was held in universal estimation during his life, as his memory has been revered since his death. One of his biographers very justly remarks, that the reputation of his Lordship, as a judicious critic, an entertaining traveller, a wise and upright statesman, and a good man, is so decisively fixed, and so firmly established, that it can receive little additional lustre from panegyric, and is in no danger of suffering from the attacks of criticisms or censure.

As a poet Dr. Johnson speaks of him in the following manner.

"Lord Lyttleton's poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his *Progress of Love*, it is sufficient blame to say that it is pastoral. His blank verse in *Blenheim* has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether songs or epigrams, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces have a smooth equability, which cannot tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his *Advice to Belinda*, which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shews a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.

Candour must acknowledge that our author's poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is sparing and invidious, and cannot be generally allowed without some exceptions in favour of the *Progress of Love* and *Blenheim*. But the severity of

this rigid, though generally judicious critic, is not to be wondered at, when we bring to reflection the inveterate prejudices he so frequently expresses against pastoral poetry and blank verse.

His Lordship's literary merit is generally acknowledged by his contemporaries, whose testimonies are too numerous to be specified, suffice it to observe that he is highly extolled by Pope, Thomson, Hammond, and Shenstone. The following couplet of Pope produced from Dr. Warton a profound scholar, and liberal critic, some very candid and judicious remarks which, in justice to our author, we deem it incumbent on us to insert :

“Free as young Lyttleton her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.”

“A just and not overcharged encomium,” says Dr. Warton, “on an excellent man, who always served his friends with warmth, (witness his kindness to Thomson) and his country with activity and zeal. His *Poems and Dialogues of the Dead* are written with elegance and ease. His *Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul*, with clearness and closeness of reasoning, and his *History of Henry the Second*, with accuracy and knowledge of those early times, and of the English constitution; and what was compiled from a laborious search into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower, and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then soon to be published, his first juvenile performance, the *Persian Letters*, in which, he said, there were principles and remarks that he wished to retract and alter. Another little piece, written also in his early youth, does him much honour. The *Observations on the Life of Tully*, in which, perhaps, a more dispassionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited, than in the panegyrical volume of Middleton.

“His *Monody*, the most popular of his productions, in which he commemorates the virtues and accomplishments of his excellent lady, cannot be read without exciting the tenderest emotion in every one that has the least claim to sensibility. The numbers succeed in harmonious flow, which bespeaks the most exquisite feelings of a most susceptible mind. The sentiment of his *Progress of Love* is delicate, the imagery pleasing, and the versification correct and harmonious. It must be admitted however, that there are in it some of those studied expressions and false ornaments by which pastoral poetry is too often fantastically disguised. His *Advice to Belinda* is stamped with the approbation of Dr. Johnson, and possesses a degree of propriety, sense, and harmony. His epistle to Pope is an encomium highly elegant and refined. His songs are in general easy and sprightly. In fine, his poetical compositions are characterized by elegance, ease, and harmony, without any extraordinary degree of elevation, energy, or glow of colouring.”

MISCELLANIES.

SOLILOQUY

OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eton School.

TWAS night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd,
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said: 5
“ Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast
“ If all in envious solitude are lost? 10
“ Where none admire 'tis useless to excel;
“ Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be a belle:
“ Beauty like wit to judges should be shown;
“ Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
“ With ev'ry grace of nature or of art 15
“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
“ The brutes insensible our power defy:
“ To love exceeds a squire's capacity.
“ The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere:
“ That is our heaven, and we are angels there: 20
“ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
“ The court of Britain is the court of Love.
“ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
“ How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
“ At each distinguish'd birthnight ball to see 25
“ The homage due to empire paid to me?
“ When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
“ And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
“ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
“ Less jealous in their power than in their love. 30
“ Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
“ Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;

- " Loft is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing flaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent, 35
 " Supinely calm and dully innocent :
 " Unblest I wear my uselefs time away,
 " Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day,
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
 " For dulness ever must be regular : 40
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there.
 " From books to work from work to books I rove, 45
 " And am, alas ! at leisure to improve.
 " Is this the life a beauty ought to lead ?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
 " These fingers, at whose touch e'en age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew ? 50
 " Sure erring nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine !
 " O Venus ! queen and guardian of the fair,
 " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's prayer ;
 " Let me revisit the dear town again, 55
 " Let me be seen ! Could I that wish obtain
 " All other wishes my own power would gain." 57

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE ! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
 The nymph of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her Sylvan lays,
 Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing 5
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain and the flowery plain ?

Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state, 10
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd, 15
 Full of the image of the beauteous maid
 His flock far off unfed, untended lay,
 To ev'ry savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,
 And ev'ry care seem'd trifling now but love: 20
 Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But though his voice was mute his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

"Ye nymphs!" he cry'd, "ye Dryads! who so long
 Have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song, 26
 For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
 Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you. 30
 Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage,
 Tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
 Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast, 35
 Too often violates your boasted rest;
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

"Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes, 40
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
 And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 Then too she smil'd; can Smiles our peace destroy,
 Those lovely children of Content and Joy? 46
 How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
 From the same spring at the same moment flow?

" Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
 " Thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace;
 " Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure, 51
 " And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
 " Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart
 " How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 " She strove its fondest wishes to obtain, 55
 " Confirm her power and faster bind my chain.
 " If on the green we danc'd a mirthful band,
 " To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 " Her partial taste if e'er I touch'd the lyre
 " Still in my song found something to admire; 60
 " By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
 " By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
 " The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire 65
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 " Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 " The frighted hind who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempest torn, 70
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
 " Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd 75
 " But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind; 80
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the arts of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain, 85
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,



Pope I to whose reed beneath the herchen shade
 The nymph of Tivolis a pleased attention paid
 Will thou with me reviv'st ones again
 The crystal fountains and the flowery plain
Isabella Fildes 1784

Printed by J. Smith, at the Angel in the Strand, London.

Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd, 90
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And Light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills. 92

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

Afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
 Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
 From Love alone their melody proceeds;
 From Love Theocritus on Enna's plains 5
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
 Young Maro touch'd by his inspiring dart
 Could charm each ear, and soften ev'ry heart;
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join*. 10

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

"Blest be the hour," he said, "that happy hour,
 "When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power! 16
 "Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 "Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
 "Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
 "Delightful languors and transporting fires. 20
 "Where yonder limes combine to form a shade
 "These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 "There she appear'd on that auspicious day
 "When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 "She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she
 "mov'd! 25
 "Who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
 "I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 "But glory'd in a happy captive's name,
 "Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
 "But leave to brutes their savage liberty. 30

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttleton*.

- " And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
 " Has treach'rous Love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break? 36
 " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia! who now compassionates my woes, 46
 " Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay,
 " A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent, 48
 " Given with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
 " No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows
 " Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
 " I from her lips my recompence require. 50
 " Why itays my Delia in her secret bower?
 " Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower,
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends,
 " Oppos'd its beauteous arch the rainbow bends,
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay,
 " The birds renew their songs on ev'ry spray; 56
 " Come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 " All nature smiles—will only Delia frown?
 " Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 " While every flower of ev'ry sweet they drain: 60
 " See how beneath yon' hillock's shady steep
 " The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep:
 " Nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I
 " If with my fond desires my love comply;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows, 64
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
 " A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold; 76

- " From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 " And bears the fortunate Canaries' name ;
 " In all our woods none boast so sweet a note,
 " Not e'en the nightingale's melodious throat ;
 " Accept of this, and could I add beside 75
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
 " If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine :
 " But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 " Phoebus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove ; 80
 " The tuneful nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain :
 " For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each green hair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray 85
 " His music calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair nymphs! companions of my love,
 " With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 " I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name : 90
 " Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And ev'ry friend shall claim a different lay.
 " But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair 95
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.
 " Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet :
 " Adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet.
 " O may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past! 100
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed." 102

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole! give no bliss sincere,
 Wealth is disturb'd by care and power by fear.
 Of all the passions that employ the mind
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find,

Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests, 5
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust. 10

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd, 15
 Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast,—
 The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood; 20
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
 A castle there the op'ning plain commands;
 Beyond a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound.
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain 25
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain,
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
 His flow'ry wreath which long with pride he wore,
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore, 30
 Then cry'd:—" May all thy charms, ungrateful

" Maid!

" Like these neglected roses droop and fade!
 " May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace
 " That triumphs now in that deluding face!
 " Those alter'd looks may ev'ry Shepherd fly, 35
 " And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
 " Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done
 " To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
 " Tell me what charms you in my rival find
 " Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind?
 " Has he like me with long obedience strove 41
 " To conquer your disdain, and merit love?

- " Has he with transport ev'ry smile ador'd,
 " And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word ?
 " Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ; 45
 " He pleas'd you by not studying to please ;
 " His careless indolence your pride alarm'd,
 " And had he lov'd you more he less had charm'd.
 " O pain to think another shall possess
 " Those balmy lips which I was wont to press ! 50
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !
 " I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead ;
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night 55
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !
 " Where'er they pass'd be blasted ev'ry flow'r,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—
 " Ah, wretched swain ! could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ? 60
 " Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas*dy'd
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain :
 " Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid, 65
 " And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid,
 " Would I could die like him and be at peace ;
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;
 " There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 " And rest as if my Delia still were kind. 70
 " No ; let me live her falsehood to upbraid ;
 " Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 " Alas ! what aid, fond Swain ! would thou receive ?
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?
 " Protect her heav'n ! and let her never know 75
 " The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe :
 " I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above,
 " All I implore is never more to love.—
 " Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 " Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair. 80

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

" Come, cool Indifference ! and heal my breast ;
 " Weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest :
 " No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 " My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
 " Hear, mighty Pan ! and all ye Sylvans ! hear 85
 " What by your guardian deities I swear ;
 " No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 " No more I'll court the trait'refs to my arms ;
 " Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 " And she shall find that reason conquers love ! " 90

Scarce had he spoke when thro' the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;
 At once transported he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow !)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew :
 He found her kind and soon believ'd her true. 96

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM ! to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing,
 Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [dear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night : 10
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood 15
 To Venus rais'd a rustic altar stood ;
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
 In friendly league to favour humankind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd ; 20

Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
Lurk'd sick Disgust or late repenting Pain,
Nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
Thither with glad devotion Damon came, 25
To thank the pow'rs who bless'd his faithful flame;
Two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid :
" Hail, bounteous God ! before whose hallow'd shrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine, 30
" While glowing in her cheeks with tender love
" Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove ;
" And hail to thee fair queen of young desires !
" Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires
" Since Delia now can all its warmth return, 35
" As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.
" O the dear bloom of last propitious night !
" O shade more charming than the fairest light !
" Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
" Then all my pains one moment overpaid ; 40
" Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
" Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
" Thou too, bright Goddess ! once in Ida's grove
" Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love :
" With him while frisking lambs around you play'd,
" Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade : 46
" Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now my once most valu'd joys ?
" Insipid trifles all and childish toys.— 50
" Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
" Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
" Ye Muses skill'd in ev'ry winning art,
" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart :
" Ye Nymphs ! to her your freshest roses bring, 55
" And crown her with the pride of all the spring ;
" On all her days let health and peace attend ;
" May she ne'er want nor ever lose a friend !
" May some new pleasure ev'ry hour employ,
" But let her Damon be her highest joy ! 60

" With thee my Love ! for ever will I stay,
 " All night careſs thee, and admire all day ;
 " In the ſame field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 " To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead ;
 " Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils, 65
 " Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.
 " Delightful ſtate ! where Peace and Love combine,
 " To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine !
 " Here limpid fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
 " Here riſing foreſts liſt their verdant heads, 70
 " Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
 " And in thy arms inteniſibly decay.
 " When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
 " And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more,
 " When Time no longer will thy beauties ſpare, 75
 " And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair,
 " Then may the gentle hand of welcome death
 " At one ſoft ſoft ſtroke deprive us both of breath !
 " May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
 " And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade ! 80
 " Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe in tender verſe
 " Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe,
 " And future ages with juſt envy mov'd
 " Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd." 84

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

In the Year 1727.

PARENT of Arts ! whoſe ſkilful hands firſt taught
 The tow'ring pile to riſe, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion, Architect divine !
 Minerva ! thee to my advent'rous lyre
 Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing 5
 Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,
 Thy glorious work ! for thou the lofty tow'rs
 Didſt to his virtue raiſe whom oft' thy ſhield
 In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer'd
 Thro' all the ſtorms of war.—Thee too I call 10
 Thalia ! ſylvan Muſe, who lov'ſt to rove

Along the shady paths and verdant bow'rs
 Of Woodstock's happy grove, there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen, let thy warbling song
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades. 15

When Europe freed confess'd the saving pow'r
 Of Marlborough's hand, Britain, who sent him forth,
 Chief of confederate hosts to fight the cause
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd 20
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame ;
 A trophy of success with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field where Churchill's sword 25
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy Chief ! whose valour could deserve
 Reward, so glorious ! grateful Nation hail ! 30
 Who paidst his service with so rich a meed ?
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people ? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt 35
 Of Gratitude to us.—Blush Cæsar ! blush,
 When thou beholdest these tow'rs, Ingrate ! to thee
 A monument of shame ! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day ? but we disdain 40
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite, and know
 Britain, like Heav'n, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward. 45

Pleas'd with the noble theme her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and thro' the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapisry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill, 50
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls

His purple wave, and there the Granick flood
 With passing squadrons foams ; here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain, there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd 55
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame.

With glorious competition, equal both
 In valour and in fortune ; but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought,
 This to subdue, and that to free mankind. 60

Now thro' the stately portals issuing forth
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe, fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom 65
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood

The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair !
 Sacred to grief and love : the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face 70
 Of Spenser, lovely maid ! when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.

But see where flowing with a nobler stream
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls 75
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work !
 Thro' which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn : silent a while and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd down the steep it falls 80
 In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters relucient in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy 85
 Of Contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd

The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So by the rage of Faction home recall'd 90

Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Against the pride of Asia and the pow'r
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations back return'd to Rome, 95
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The ev'ning of his life.—But not alone
 In the calm shades of honourable ease
 Great Malb'rough peaceful dwelt, indulgent Heav'n
 Gave a companion to his softer hours, 100
 With whom conversing he forgot all change
 Of fortune or of state, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in her—Thus each by each admir'd
 In mutual honour mutual fondness join'd ; 105
 Like two fair stars with intermingled light
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee Churchill ! first the ruthless hand of Death 110
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love,
 Where Fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe 115
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo ! where tow'ring in the height
 Of yon' ærial pillar proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god sublime,
 And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet 120
 The German eagles spread their wings ; his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in Danube fought 124
 A refuge from thy sword.—There where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hockstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy by th' Imperial hand ;
 Extorted gratitude, which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, beseeching ill 103

A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground ;
 Mean insult ! this with better auspices
 Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom and how repaid
 His services. Nor shall the constant love 135
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion ; that shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp and little deem'd 140
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb ! to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
 Obtain her favourites !—But the noble pile 146
 (My theme) demands my voice.—O Shade ador'd,
 Marlborough ! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n enthron'd
 Among the demigods, deign to defend 150
 This thy abode, while present here below
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care : preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless rage. 155
 Here may long ages hence the British youth,
 When honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd,
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom and Britannia's fame, 160
 That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue, and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won 165
 And nations sav'd new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land. 167

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye Sons of Phœbus ! what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few, possess ?
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes who spy all faults except their own,
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise, 5
 Tho' knaves abuse it and like fools despise.
 Say, Wyndham ! 'if tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excel ?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please ;
 Yet sure good nature is your noblest praise : 10
 Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 This magic pow'r can make ev'n folly please ;
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face. 15

ADVICE TO A LADY, 1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda ! hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men ;
 Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show 5
 What female vanity might fear to know.
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater's your sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends ; 10
 All who approach them their own ends pursue :
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true :
 Hence oft' from reason heedless Beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays ;
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd, 15
 When most ye tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition ?—To be fair.
 For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress and all the joys, 20

For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule;
 And yet how few have learnt when this is giv'n
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n!
 How few with all their pride of form can move! 25
 How few are lovely that are made for love!
 Do you, my Fair! endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind as well as dress;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected ease. 30

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense,
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble women to sustain;
 Of those who claim it more than half have none, 35
 And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonestly a proof of parts:
 For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
 "A cunning woman is a knavish fool." 40

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene, 45
 Without all beauty, and all peace within;
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm;
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
 Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den. 50

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign; 55
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breast should move;
 Th' important business of your life is love: 60

To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution chuse, but then be fondly kind,
The selfish heart that but by halves is given, 65
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bleis :
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving first but loving wrong is shame. 70

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain :
Short is the period of insulting power ;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave, 75
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possess,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most : 80
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy, 85
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown
If angry Fortune on their union frown ; 90
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more :
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
And that fond love which should afford relief 95
Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
While both could easier their own sorrows bear
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain, 100

Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
 Who not to love but av'rice falls a prey :
 Nor aught avails the specious name of wife ; 105
 A maid so wedded is a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven,
 Has equal love and easy fortune given,
 Think not the husband gain'd that all is done ;
 The prize of happiness must still be won ; 110
 And oft the careless find it to their cost
 The lover in the husband may be lost :
 The Graces might alone his heart allure ;
 They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress 115
 Of care for him and anxious tenderness.
 From kind concern about his weal or woe
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
 The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his servant to appear : 120
 Endearing thus the common acts of life
 The mistress still shall charm him in the wife,
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone ;
 E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn, 125
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda ! would your charms improve,
 And form your heart to all the arts of love :
 The task were harder to secure my own
 Against the power of those already known, 130
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind
 With gentle force the captivated mind,
 Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope and each alluring joy.
 I your own genius, and from you receive
 The rules of pleasing which to you I give. 136

VERSES

Written at Mr. Pope's House at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. Greville, in August 1735.

GO, Thames! and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flow'ry side ;

4

II.

Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd
The muses' green retreat,
With ev'ry smile of nature grac'd,
With ev'ry art complete.

8

III.

But now, sweet bard! thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more,
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

12

IV.

Yet still for beauteous Greville's sake,
The muses here remain ;
Greville! whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of ev'ry swain.

16

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

To Miss Fortescue.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham! say
What is the charm that each successive year
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before impart ?

5

II.

Is it glad summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jess'mine and the blushing rose ?
Her balmy breath and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss was here before ;
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood hill, and in the yellow meads
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,

10

Array'd in all her flow'ry pride ;
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd field.

15

III.

Is it to Love those new delights I owe ?
 Four time has the revolving sun
 His annual circle through the zodiac run,
 Since all that Love's indulgent power
 On favour'd mortals can bestow
 Was givn me in this auspicious bower.

20

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
 Was yielded to my longing arms ;
 And round our nuptial bed
 Hov'ring with purple wings th' Idalian boy
 Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
 Of innocent desires,
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
 Whence then this strange increase of joy ?
 He, only he, can tell, who match'd like me,
 (If such another happy man there be)
 Has by his own experience try'd
 How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

25

30

34

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY, A. D. 1747.

" Ipse cava solans agrum testudine amorem,
 " Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
 " Te viniente die, te decedente canabat."

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief ;
 Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss the happiest love
 Can on the ennobled mind bestow

5

10

Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves ! ye gently falling rills !
Ye high o'ershadowing hills !
Ye lawns ! gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen !
But never shall you now behold her more,
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore :
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice ;
For her despising when she deign'd to sing
The sweetest songsters of the spring,
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets ! now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel !
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well known ground
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry,
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley can she now be found.
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye

Can aught of her espy
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie. 50

V.

O shades of Hagley ! where is now your boast ?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts : 55
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly ;
With nature there retir'd and nature's God 60
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve, 65
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes ! who like the little playful fawns
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide ? 70
Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth ?
O loss beyond repair !
O wretched father ! left alone 75
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own !
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas ! is gone, 80
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save ?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses ! when relentless fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love 85

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring power, Aonian maids!
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 From whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar, 90
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bad her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain, 95
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
 Nor then on Mincio's* bank,
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream, 100
 Nor where through hanging woods
 Steep Anio‡ pours his floods,
 Nor yet where Meles§ or Ilissus¶ stray.
 Ill does it now beseem
 That of your guardian care bereft 105
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys, 109
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce,
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire, 115
 By all the graces temper'd and refin'd,
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tiber or Trivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

¶ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

The powers of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise? 120
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save, 125
 And in the temple of immortal fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters! come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad, 130
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay. 135

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet pecuniar grace!
 How eloquent in ev'ry look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd 140
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense 145
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness!
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart 150
 To ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
 To guilt itself, when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life 155
 Beneath the bloody knife

Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind ; 160
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown ;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice 165
Or int'rest or ambition's highest prize ;
That injur'd or offended never try'd
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain ;
A wit that temperately bright 170
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast ; 175
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere !
Such Lucy was when in her fairest days, 180
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale, 185
When now the wintry tempests all are fled
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head,
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen, 190
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend iand th' Idalian queen,
But in the midst of all its blooming pride

A sudden blast from Appenninus blows
Cold with perpetual snows, 195
The tender plighted plant shrinks up its leaves and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch ! from th' Elysian bowers
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ; 200
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by the skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ; ~ 205
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well
As may e'en things inanimate, 209
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care 215
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing heart
Would heal thy wounded art
Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there ;
Nor did her fond affection on the bed 220
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain ;
Nor did she crown your mutual flame 224
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms !
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?

How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give? 235
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise [raise.
 Unshar'd by thee no more my lifeless thoughts could

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call? 240
 Support me ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love! so much was thine, 245
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read 250
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead,

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind.
 The rolling year its varying course performed,
 And back return'd again,
 Another and another smiling came, 255
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind,
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal fatal stroke!
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which e'en wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
 And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope for many a future day, 265.
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,

Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain. 270
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul 275
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd the now with pity sees 280
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss ;
 E'en love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end, 285
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul ! with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight
 Whose peaceful path and ever open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss ; 290
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame the other day
 Happen'd to cross each other's way ;
 Said Virtue, " Hark ye, Madame Fame !
 " Your ladyship is much to blame ;
 " Jove bids you always wait on me, 5
 " And yet your face I seldom see ;
 " The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 " And bids it praise some handsome strumpet,
 " Or thund'ring thro' the ranks of war,
 " Ambition ties you to her car." 10

- Saith Fame, " Dear Madam I protest
 " I never find myself so blest
 " As when I humbly wait behind you ;
 " But 'tis so mighty hard to find you,
 " In such obscure retreats you lurk, 15
 " To seek you is an endless work."
 " Well," answer'd Virtue, " I allow
 " Your plea ; but hear, and mark me now.
 " I know, (without offence to others)
 " I know the best of wives and mothers, 20
 " Who never pass'd an useless day
 " In scandal, gossiping, or play,
 " Whose modest wit chafis'd by sense
 " In lively cheerful innocence,
 " Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite, 25
 " Whose duty is her sole delight,
 " Nor rul'd by whim nor slave to fashion,
 " Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."
 Fame smil'd, and answer'd ; " On my life
 " This is some country parson's wife, 30
 " Who never saw the Court nor Town,
 " Whose face is homely as her gown,
 " Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
 " No, Madam, no,—you're much mistaken—
 " I beg you'll let me set you right— 35
 " 'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright,
 " Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art
 " That rank or fortune can impart ;
 " 'Tis the most celebrated toast
 " That Britain's spacious isle can boast : 40
 " 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame,
 " 'Tis Egremont—Go tell it fame."

ADDITION EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

- F**AME heard with pleasure—straight reply'd,
 " First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride ;
 " My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound
 " Her modest praise the world around, 4

- " But notes were wanting.—Canst thou find
 " A Muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 " Believe me I can name but one,
 " A friend of your's—'tis Lyttleton."

8

LETTER TO EARL HARDWICKE,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your
 Addition to my verses. If you can write such
extempore, it is well for other poets that you chose to
 be Lord Chancellor rather than a Laureate. They
 explain to me a vision I had the night before.

- Methought I saw before my feet,
 With countenance serene and sweet,
 The Muse who in my youthful days
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays ;
 She smil'd, and said, " Once more I see
- " My fugitive returns to me ;
 " Long had I lost you from my bow'r,
 " You scorn'd to own my gentle pow'r ;
 " With me no more your genius sported,
 " The grave historic Muse you courted,
- " Or rais'd from earth with straining eyes,
 " Pursu'd Urania thro' the skies ;
 " But now to my forsaken track
 " Fair Egremont has brought you back :
 " Nor blush by her and Virtue led,
- " That soft, that pleasing path to tread ;
 " For there beneath to-morrow's ray
 " E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 " Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 " Her fav'rite son the goddess brings
- " The councils and the senate's guide,
 " Law's oracle, the nation's pride ;
 " He comes, he joys with thee to join
 " In singing Wyndham's charms divine ;
 " To thine he adds his nobler lays,
- " E'en thee, my Friend ! he deigns to praise.
 " Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 " His fame with burgeis or with cit ;

“ For sure one line from such a bard
 “ Virtue would think her best reward.”

50

HYMN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing odes is not my trade :
 My head is full of household cares
 And necessary dull affairs ;
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps,
 And then no clown beneath the sky
 Was e'er more ungallant than I :
 For you alone I now think fit
 To turn a poet and a wit—
 For you, whose charms I know not how
 Have pow'r to smoothe my wrinkled brow,
 And make me, tho' by nature stupid,
 As brisk and as alert as Cupid.
 These obligations to repay,
 Whene'er your happy nuptial day
 Shall with the circling years return,
 For you my torch shall brighter burn
 Than when you first my pow'r ador'd,
 Nor will I call myself your Lord.
 But am (as witness this my hand)
 Your humble servant at command.
 Dear Child ! let Hymen not beguile
 You, who are such a judge of style,
 To think that he these verses made
 Without an abler penman's aid ;
 Observe them well, you'll plainly see
 That ev'ry line was writ by me.

5

10

15

20

HYMEN.

25

CUPID.

ON READING MISS CARTER'S POEMS.

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wond'ring ear
 Of silent Night, when on the verdant banks
 Of Siloe's hallow'd brook celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices sung

"Glory to God on high, and on earth
 "Peace and goodwill to men!"—Resume the lyre, 5
 Chantress divine! and ev'ry Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame,
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend 10
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety,—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse
 Like a false Siren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head 15
 Of Britain's poetess the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of——to fix it on her brows. 19

MOUNT EDGE CUMBE.

THE Gods on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes:
 "That place is mine," great Neptune cries;
 "Behold how proud o'er all the main 5
 "Those stately turrets seem to reign!
 "No views so grand on earth you see!
 "The master too belongs to me;
 "I grant him my domain to share;
 "I bid his hand my trident bear." 10
 "The sea is your's but mine the land,"
 Pallas replies. "By me were plann'd
 "Those tow'rs, that hospital, those docks,
 "That fort which crowns those island rocks:
 "The lady too is of my choir, 15
 "I taught her hand to touch the lyre,
 "With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,
 "I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."
 "Hold, Madam!" interrupted Venus,
 "The lady must be shar'd between us; 20
 "And surely mine is yonder grove,
 "So fine, so dark, so fit for love,

" Trees such as in th' Idalian glade
 " Or Cyprian lawn my palace shade."
 Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came,
 Each nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.
 But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:
 " Nor god nor goddess great or small
 " That dwelling his or her's may call,
 " I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

25

31

INVITATION.

TO THE DOWAGER DUTCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall on her downy wing
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon! and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred: come and love
 That nation which you now approve:
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Harvey's heart.

5

10

12

SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,
IN ARIOSTO.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
 Orlando's wits had safely brought away,
 He turn'd his eyes towards another place
 Where closely cork'd unnumber'd bottles lay.
 Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
 Yet what was there enclos'd he could not see,
 Wherefore in humble wise the saint he pray'd
 To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.
 " A wondrous thing it is," the saint reply'd,
 " Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight,
 " An airy essence not to be descry'd,
 " Subtle and thin, that Maidenhead is light.

4

8

12

" From earth each day in troops they hither come
 " And fill each hole and corner of the Moon,
 " For they are never easy while at home,
 " Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon. 16

" When here arriv'd they are in bottles pent,
 " For fear they should evaporate again,
 " And hard it is a prison to invent
 " So volatile a spirit to retain. 20

" Those that to young and wanton girls belong,
 " Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the glass,
 " But those that have below been kept too long
 " Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!" 24

So spake the saint, and wonder seiz'd the knight,
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read,
 For various secrets that were brought to light
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said. 28

Virginities that close confin'd he thought
 In th' other world he found above the sky;
 His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
 Which made him swear tho' good St. John was by. 32

But much his wrath increas'd when he espy'd
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
 " Ah, false and treach'rous Fugitive!" he cry'd,
 " Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here. 36

" Did not thy owner when we parted last
 " Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
 " Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 " And thou already from thy post art flown. 40

" Be not enrag'd," reply'd th' Apostle kind—
 " Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,
 " Take it away, and when thou hast a mind
 " Carry it thither whence it took its flight." 44

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous knight,
 " The Moon shall be no loser by your grace;
 " Let me but have the use on't for a night,
 " And I'll restore it to its present place." 48

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart! fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine 5
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
 O task for feeble Reason too severe!
 O lesson nought could teach me but despair!
 Must I forbid my eyes that heav'nly sight
 They've view'd so oft' with languishing delight? 10
 Must my ears shun that voice whose charming sound
 Seem'd to relieve while it increas'd my wound?
 O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 Tho' Sidney to a rival gave her charms, 15
 Tho' Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine;
 'Tis easier far to lose than to resign! 18

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd, 5
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
 Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of int'rest, so devoid of art, 10
 Such gen'rous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
 O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
 O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
 O sympathizing love of others bliss! 15
 Where will you find another breast like his?

Such was the man—the Poet well you know,
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe,
 Oft in this crowded house with just applause
 You heard him teach fair virtue's purest laws; 20
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire;
 Not one immoral one corrupted thought,
 One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to night your favourable doom 25
 Another laurel add to grace his tomb,
 Whilst he superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
 From whom his pious care is now remov'd, 30
 With whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart,
 Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give,
 What they no longer can from his receive,
 That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul. 36

EPILOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit,
 In judgment here, unaw'd, unbias'd, sit
 The Palatines and Guardians of the pit;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth, convey; 5
 If fustian here thro' each unnat'ral scene,
 In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
 If lofty dulness for your vengeance call,
 Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall:
 But if simplicity, with force and fire, 10
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words, inspire;
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great;
 If matter-strokes the nobler passions move,
 Then, like the king, acquit us, and approve. 15

EPISTLES.

TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH,
AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend ! how roll thy hours away,
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day ?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd 5
At once exalts and polishes the mind ?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn ! 10
Dost thou in sage historians scorn to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty,
How the same hands that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the pole,
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd, 15
The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire,
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes that giddy faction knows, 20
Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome ?
Does calm philosophy her aid impart 25
To guide the passions and to mend the heart ?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend,
For which alone by Nature were design'd
The pow'rs of thought—to benefit mankind ? 30
Not like a cloyster'd drone to read and dose,
In undeserving undeserv'd repose ;
But Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear,

Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind. 35
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care, 40
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
 So Combray, worthy of a happier doom, 45
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome,

Good Wor'ster* thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flattery, far from party rage ;
 He who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side, 50
 Her boldest champion then and now her mildest guide !
 O gen'rous warmth ! O sanctity divine !

To emulate his worth my friend ! be thine :
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown,
 Learn not to flatter nor insult the crown, 55
 Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state :
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love by fear :
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend ; 60
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend,
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth and suit my age, 65
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions and my views extend,
 The useful science of the world to know, 70
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,

Yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
To serve with pride and boast the yoke they bear, 75
Whose nobles born to cringe and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band,
From each low tool of pow'r content receive
Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give;
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage bleit, 80
Though plunder'd gay, industrious though oppress'd)
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sunshine of a fav'ring court: 85
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who from the ancients like the ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame;
Here Moliere, first of comic wits excell'd 90
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,
By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease:
Now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire; 95
Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway,
Proud palaces that drain'd the subjects' store 100
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor,
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition great*.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view
Where Conde from an envious court withdrew†, 105
Where sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all who all had try'd!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see, 110
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury‡,

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.
† Chantilly. ‡ St. Cloud.

Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour
 In the wild riot of unbounded power,
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove. 115

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind.
 O native Isle ! fair Freedom's happiest seat ! 120
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat ;
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns ;
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain ? 125
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth ?
 When in the shade of laws that long have stood
 Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
 Of fearless independence wisely vain, 130
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
 Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ; 135
 Bids their lost rights their ruin'd glories see,
 And tells me these like England once were free ! 137

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU ! whose friendship is my joy and pride,
 Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide ;
 Thou ! to whom greatness rightly understood
 Is but a larger power of being good ;
 Say, Poyntz ! amidst the toil of anxious state 5
 Does not thy secret soul desire retreat ?
 Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
 Thy busy life at length might be thy own,
 That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
 No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ? 10

Just is the wish, for sure the happiest meed
To favour man by smiling Heaven decreed
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who from the world retir'd, 15
By no enliv'ning, gen'rous passion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay,
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy ; 20
But bless'd is he who exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears,
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade, 25
And crowns propitious his declining head ;
In his retreat their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing ;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ; 30
And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies
Fair olives bloom or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand,
When Peace restor'd shall on her downy wing 35
Secure repose and careless leisure bring,
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness, 40
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Tho' Wisdom call and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd, 45
That only can improve and crown the rest.

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell :
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is to be truly lov'd and fondly love. 50

LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend of our health and author of our rest,
 Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 E'en while I write the name of love inspires 55
 More pleasing thoughts and more enliv'ning fires,
 Beneath his power my raptured fancy glows,
 And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.
 Dull is the privilege of living free ;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty : 60
 Some beauteous imag. well imprinted there
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And Nature in her rural works admire ;
 Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ; 65
 They may delight us, but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire,
 And teach thee that soft science which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known. 70
 Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell, 75
 For heaven shall ratify what they reveal :

“ A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 “ With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
 “ Whose wit and virtue shall thine own express,
 “ Distinguish'd only by their softer dress : 80
 “ Thy greatness she or thy retreat shall share,
 “ Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;
 “ Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
 “ And add new pleasure to renown and praise ? 84
 “ Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 “ That happiness is near ally'd to love.” [prove,

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall find
 A hand or colours to express thy mind ?

A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
 In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
 Wise without art, without ambition great, 5
 Tho' firm yet pliant, active tho' sedate.
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught :
 That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel : 10
 That when Misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
 That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
 That to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd. 16

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard ! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove,
 Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit :
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n's their glory and their virtue lost ; 10
 From tyrants and from priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plains they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove ;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate.
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke,
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert and her fields unsown ;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.
 Illustrious names that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct and to command mankind,
 Chiefs by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And poets whom those chiefs sublimely prais'd !
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit and your urns adore,
 Oft kiss with lips devout some mould'ring stone
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown, 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
 As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strew'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise.
 " Stranger," he said, " whose pious hand has paid
 " These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 " When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 " To Pope this message from his master bear : 50
 " Great Bard ! whose numbers I myself inspire,
 " To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 " If high exalted on the throne of wit,
 " Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 " No more let meaner satire dim the rays 55
 " That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
 " In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 " But shun that thorny that unpleasing way,
 " Nor when each soft engaging muse is thine,
 " Address the least attractive of the nine. 60
 " Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
 " A lasting column to thy country's praise,

" To sing the land which yet alone can boast
 " That liberty corrupted Rome has lost,
 " Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 " And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
 " Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 " Such was the people whose exploits I sung,
 " Brave, yet refin'd; for arms and arts renown'd;
 " With different bays by Mars and Venus crown'd;
 " Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway, 71
 " But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
 " If these commands submissive thou receive,
 " Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
 " Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 " And howl with furies in tormenting fire,
 " Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 " And join the patriot's to the poet's praise." 78

TO LORD HARVEY,

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

" Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque
 " Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est;
 " Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus,"

HOR.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio ! by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend,
 Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er, 5
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine? 10
 'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphaël's style,
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest, 15
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest :
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
 Still open and still flowing to the wise,

Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of Nature to aspire, 20
 But in its proper channels gilding fair
 A common benefit which all may share :
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ; [is vain.
 False is their state of bliss, and thence their search
 So idle yet so restless are our minds, 26
 We climb the Alps and brave the raging winds ;
 Thro' various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but thinking right were ours at home :
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place 30
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love. 35
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow ? 41
 Or how can aught but pow'rful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure ?
 Happy is he and he alone who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose, 45
 In gen'rous love of other's good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind,
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
 To nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear :
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught, 50
 This was the sov'reign good they justly sought,
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy : 55
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew

The same unerring maxims to pursue
Which in the Sabine or the Velian shades
His study and his happiness he made. 60

May you, my Friend! by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought,
Undazzled ev'ry glitt'ring folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free; 65
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind:
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart. 69

TO MR. GLOVER,

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on my Friend! the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due:
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with ev'ry charm, 5
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd instructed to admire, 10
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end.
No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-int'rest ev'ry passion guides, 15
In camps commands, in cabinets presides,
Where Luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched Nation! all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries, 20
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and Senates that obey.

O People, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame, 25
In council insolent, in action tame!

Say, what is now th' ambition of the great ?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state,
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare? 30
 Is it like honest Somers to inspire
 The love of laws and freedom's sacred fire ?
 Is it like wise Godolphin to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain ?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil 35
 Only to aid the wreck and share the spoil ?
 On each relation, friend, dependent, pour
 With partial wantonness the golden show'r,
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries ? 40
 Rouse, Britons ! rouse : if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.
 Lo ! France, as Persia once, o'er ev'ry land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate, 45
 A clam spectatress of the gen'ral fate,
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose
 Like valiant Greece her own and Europe's foes ?
 O let us seize the moment in our pow'r ;
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour : 50
 No later term the angry gods ordain ;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great Poet ! in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of Freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove 55
 My heart not wholly void of public love ;
 Tho' not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But idly sporting in the secret shade
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid. 60

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd

* See the Inscription in Mr. West's Poems.

Well in thy seat, my Friend ! I see,
But better in thy mind.

4

II.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

8

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far far superior to a Cornet's name :
The gen'rous Walpole saw and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind :
The servile standard from thy free-born hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

6

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD ! whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame— 5
From British fires deriv'd thy genius came ;
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd ;
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd ; 10
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask : 15
Be thine and thine alone the pleasing task
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays.
Thus ev'ry flower which ev'ry Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's fav'rite land

20

By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain ;
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise 25
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
 And France that Boileau strikes the tuneful string :
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ; 30
 Learning and wit with sweet politeness grac'd,
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd,
 By pride unfully'd, genuine dignity,
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown ; 35
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
 And Albion sighing bid her songs aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire. 38

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd ;
 Venice was lost if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state :
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour 5
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power ;
 But sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her tow'r she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind, 10
 Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view
 A mind to honour false, to virtue true,
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost, 15
 Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost,
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend,
 His country which had wrong'd him to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead, 20
 Whose conq'ring love her country's safety won,
 Was by that fatal love herself undone. [hide,

* "Hence may we learn what passion fain would
 "That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be try'd.
 "Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown 25
 "If angry Fortune on their union frown;
 "Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,
 "And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
 "Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 "With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain, 30
 "And that fond love which should afford relief
 "Does but augment the anguish of their grief,
 "While both could easier their own sorrows bear
 "Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r 35
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
 On each glad day may plenty show'r delight,
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
 May Heav'n, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms, 40
 Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
 Whose fondness never may thro' care decay,
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
 And force each modest beauty into sight!
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy, 45
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy,
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,
 Nor reason ever disagree with love! 48

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd
 I sung my amorous strains;
 No serious love my bosom fir'd,
 Yet every tender maid deceiv'd,
 The idly-mournful tale believ'd

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 31; but as Lord Lyttleton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines than to suppress the rest of the poem.

And wept my fancy'd pains.
 But Venus now to punish me
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee
 That not the whole Aonian choir
 Can accents soft enough inspire
 Its real flame to tell.

6

12

TO THE SAME.

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of love can be express'd
 In these soft numbers see,
 But, Lucy! would you know the rest
 It must be read in me.

4

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour must die
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly
 Than slow the minutes seem to me
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

4

II.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

8

III.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

12

TO THE SAME

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful love had stor'd.

4

II.

In ev'ry word a magic spell I found
 Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,

Tho' ev'ry word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

8

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses ev'ry sorrow at the sight,
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment or secure delight.

12

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee my too lovely maid!
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign.

16

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break to leave thee wholly free.

20

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

To the Same.

FAIR Venus! whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble off'rings which thy servant pays,
Fresh flow'rs, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

4

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love
Then Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

8

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
No other wish nor other object knows,
Oh, make her goddess! make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose!

12

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;

Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

16

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

ON Thames's bank a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

5

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accustom'd lime;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

10

III.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid!
"You acted once," the shepherd said,
"When love was in its prime."
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

15

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We soon must part for months, for years.—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

20

24

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul,

Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires ?
 These, these are lost ; and I behold no more
 The maid my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
 I ought, but dare not try, to love you less ;
 Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain,
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain ;
 For you, cold Maid ! whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest when you like me could love. 14

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth I doubt you no more'
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before ;
 I say to my heart " Be at rest, and believe [leave."
 " That whom once she has chosen she never will

II.

But, ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heav'nly face,
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in ev'ry friend. 8

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love,
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame,
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same. 12

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
 Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy succeeding joy ! 4

II.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
 To me not always will thy sight allow,
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
 Then ev'ry minute count-- as I do now. 8

SONGS.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach but dare not move :
Tell me, my heart ! if this be love ? 4

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve :
Tell me, my heart ! if this be love ? 8

If she some other youth commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove :
Tell me, my heart ! if this be love ? 12

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring or shadiest grove :
Tell me, my heart ! if this be love ? 16

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
Tell me, my heart ! if this be love ? 20

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXIII.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see. 4

But how, my Delia ! will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ? 8

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same,

And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

12

Thus, Delia! thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

16

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

20

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join,
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To die and think you mine.

24

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

SAY, Myra! why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

4

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt the tender care
That rack the am'rous breast?

8

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

12



EPITAPHS.

PART OF AN EPITAPH

ON LADY LYTTLETON.

MADE to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wife ;
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind *
With gentle female tenderness combin'd. 6
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd ;
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd. 12

EPITAPH

ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues ! tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You or afflicted Britain e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
Such spotless honour, such ingenuous truth, 5
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd !
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms ; 10
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female's heart ;
Like him cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country dy'd. 14

EPITAPH ON CAPT. CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, MDCCXLIII.

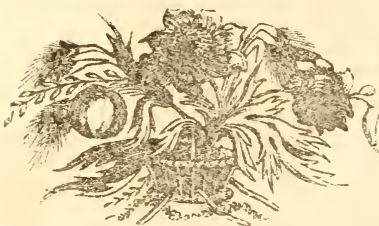
THO' Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain
Strove for the wide dominion of the main,

Yet, Cornwall! all with gen'ral voice agree
To pay the tribute of applause to thee,
When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
With indignation mov'd he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

5

10

12



G

IMITATIONS, &c.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia ! tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly ?
What means this cloud upon your brow ?
Have I offended ? tell me how.
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part ;
Reason these fears may disapprove,
But yet I fear because I love.

5

DELIA. First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay ?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flatt'ry is not all for me ?
Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

10

15

DAMON. Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid
When your own orders I obey'd ;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

20

DELIA. Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less ;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made ;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

25

DAMON. Ah ! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

30

DELIA. Though well I might your truth distrust,
 My foolish heart believes you just;
 Reason this faith may disapprove,
 But I believe because I love.

36

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, MDCCXXV*.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

AS the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
 Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
 King of the wand'ring nations of the air.

4

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
 On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
 In slight essays his growing force to try,
 While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breast;

8

III.

Then darting with impetuous fury down,
 The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe,
 Now his ripe valour to perfection grown,
 The scaly snake and crested dragon know;

12

IV.

Or as a lion's youthful progeny,
 Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
 The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
 Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood;

16

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
 The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight,
 So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd,
 So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

20

VI.

Tam'd by a boy the fierce Barbarians find
 How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame,
 And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
 Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame.

24

* First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar. See the Preface to that gentleman's poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle according to the poetical history.

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire ;
 Their race by mettle sprightly couriers prove ;
 Nor can the warlike eagles active fire
 Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove. 28

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And Honour is by vice to shame betray'd. 32

IX.

Let red Metaurus stain'd with punic blood,
 Let mighty Asdrubal subdu'd, confess
 How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
 By thee, O Rome ! to the Neronian race. 36

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
 First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African, with wasteful ire, 41
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,
 As thro' the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea. 44

XII.

From this bright era, from this prosp'rous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising pow'r ; [wield,
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring sword to
 Raise her fall'n gods and ruin'd shrines restore. 48

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
 " Like stags to rav'nous wolves an easy prey
 " Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were victory : 52

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires
 " Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
 " Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 " Thro' angry seas and adverse tempests bore 59

XV.

“ As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 “ Whose spreading boughs the axe’s sharpness feel,
 “ Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 “ Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

“ Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head 61
 “ So tir’d the baffled force of Hercules,
 “ Nor Thebes nor Colchis such a monster bred,
 “ Pregnant of ills, and fam’d for prodigies. 64

XVII.

“ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
 “ Brighter she rises from the depths below ;
 “ To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 “ Recruits her strength and foils the wond’ring foe. 68

XVIII.

“ No more of victory the joyful fame
 “ Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;
 “ Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !
 “ With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die ! 72

XIX.

“ What shall the Claudian valour not perform
 “ Which pow’r divine guards with propitious care,
 “ Which wisdom steers thro’ all the dang’rous storm,
 “ Thro’ all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war !” 76

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED MDCCXXIX---XXX.

Dicitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And, much possessing, labour still for more,
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dang’rous fame in arms ;
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest, 5
 Humbly secure and indolently blest ;
 Warm’d by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
 I’ll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;
 In summer pleas’d attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard’s purple spoils, 10

And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid or lamb that wants its mother's care :
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay ;
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r. 15
 At night how soothing would it be to hear
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near,
 Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour
 Slumber assisted by the beating show'r ! 20
 Ah ! how much happier than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves !
 While I, contended with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly lolling on some shady seat 25
 Near cooling fountains shun the dogstar's heat :
 For what reward so rich could fortune give
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve ?
 Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ; 30
 Me beauty holds in strong tho' gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love ! to pass my tranquil days
 How would I slight ambition's painful praise !
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke 35
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock !
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland bed !
 The wretch who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride, 40
 Nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close,
 Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart who thee, my fair, could leave
 For all the honours prosp'rous war can give,
 Tho' thro' the vanquish'd east he spread his fame, 45
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name,
 Tho' bright in arms while hosts around him bleed
 With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
 No pomps like these my humble vows require ;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire. 50

'Thee may my closing eyes in death behold !
 Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold !
 Then Delia ! then thy heart will melt in woe,
 'Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow,
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind, 55
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind :
 But ah ! fair mourner ! I conjure thee spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair ;
 Wound not thy form, least on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost. 60
 But now nor death nor parting should employ
 Our brightly thoughts or damp our bridal joy :
 We'll live, my Delia ! and from life remove
 All care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve 65
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give :
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest ;
 'This hour is love's—be fortune's all the rest. 68

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

Sent to a Friend in a Lady's Name.

SAY, my Cerinthus ! does thy tender breast
 Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest ?
 Alas ! I only wish for health again
 Because I think my lover shares my pain ;
 For what would health avail to wretched me
 If you could unconcern'd my illness see ? 6

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit ;
 Myself I torture while the world I cheat :
 Tho' prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
 Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame ; 4
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart as I am worthy thine :
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide ;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride. 8

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Quid quæri, Labiene jubes, &c.

WHAT, Labienus! would thy fond desire
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire,
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
 Or basely live and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay, 5
 If impious Force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success—'Tis known 10
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
 Our souls, ally'd to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will:
 This is his voice, be this our oracle. 15
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent Mind
 Has Truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,
 There known to few obscur'd and lost to lie— 20
 Is there a temple of the Deity,
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole,
 And chief his holiest shrine the virtuous soul?
 Where'er the eye can pierce the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove. 25
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle.
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 'This Jove has told, he needs not tell us more. 31

ODE, IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno.

WRITTEN ABROAD IN MDCCXXIX.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
 At whose approach inspir'd with equal fires
 The am'rous nightingale and poet sing;

4

II.

Again, dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

8

III.

Thy faded charms which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre, shine,
 But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

12

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flow'rs adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint, for Delia is not there.

16

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the geneal sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light! alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

20

FINIS.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Life of the Author,	3
MISCELLANIES.	
Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country, written at Eton School,	13
The Progress of Love. In four Eclogues.	
—————Uncertainty, Eclogue I. To Mr. Pope,	14
—————Hope, Eclogue II. To Mr. Doddington,	17
—————Jealousy, Eclogue III. To Mr. Edward Walpole,	19
—————Possession, Eclogue IV. To Lord Cobham,	22
Blenheim, written at the University of Oxford in the Year 1727,	24
On Good Humour, written at Eton School in 1729,	29
Advice to a Lady, 1731,	ib.
Verses, written at Mr. Pope's House at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. Greville, in August 1735,	33
An irregular Ode, written at Wickham in 1746. To Miss Fortescue,	ib.
To the Memory of the same Lady. A Monody, 1747,	34
Virtue and Fame. To the Countess of Egremont,	42
Addition Extempore, by Earl Hardwicke,	43
Letter to Earl Hardwicke, occasioned by the foregoing Verses,	44
Hymn to Eliza,	45
On reading Miss Carter's Poems in Manuscript, Mount Edgecumbe,	ib.
Invitation to the Dowager Duchess D'Aiguillon,	46
Some additional Stanzas to Astolfo's Voyage to the Moon, in Ariosto,	47
Elegy,	ib.
Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus,	49
Epilogue to Lillo's Elmerick,	ib.
	50

CONTENTS.

ii

EPISTLES.

Page

To the Rev. Dr. Ayscough, at Oxford, written from Paris in the Year 1728,	51
To Mr. Poyntz, Ambassador at the Congress of Soissons, 1728. Written at Paris,	54
Verſes to be written under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz,	56
An Epistle to Mr. Pope. From Rome, 1730,	57
To Lord Hervey, in the Year 1730. From Worcestershire,	59
To Mr. Glover, on his Poem of Leonidas, written in the Year 1734,	61
To Mr. Weſt, at Wickham. Written in the Year 1740,	62
To William Pitt, Eſq. on his loſing his Commiſſion in the Year 1736,	63
To Colonel Drumgold,	ib.
To a young Lady, with the Tragedy of Venice Preſerved,	64
To Miſs Lucy Forteſcue,	65
To the ſame, with Hammond's Elegies,	66
To the ſame,	ib.
To the ſame,	ib.
To the ſame. A Prayer to Venus, in her Temple at Stowe,	67
To the ſame, on her pleading want of Time,	68
To the ſame,	ib.
To the ſame,	69
To the ſame, with a new Watch,	ib.

SONGS.

Song. Written in the Year 1732,	70
Song. Written in the Year 1733,	ib.
Song. Written in the Year 1732,	71

EPITAPHS.

Part of an Epitaph on Lady Lyttleton,	72
Epitaph on Capt. Grenville,	ib.
Epitaph on Capt. Cornwall,	ib.

IMITATIONS.

Page

Damon and Delia, in Imitation of Horace and Lydia. Written in the Year 1732,	74
Horace, Book IV. Ode IV. Written at Oxford 1725,	75
Parts of an Elegy of Tibullus translated, 1729-30,	77
Sulpicia to Cerinthus, in her Sickness, from Ti- bullus,	79
Sulpicia to Cerinthus,	ib.
Cato's Speech to Labienus, from Lucan,	80
Ode, in Imitation of Pastor Fido. Written abroad in 1729,	81



OTWAY'S WORKS,
 forming part of
Cooke's Pocket Edition of
the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
or Entertaining Poetical Library
 containing the most Esteem'd
Poetic Productions
Superbly Embellish'd



Embellish'd under the direction of C. Cooke. March 4 1797.
 W. Warren Sculp.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

The fangs of want when famish'd Otway bore,
Oh! think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!
Awake to mourn, and exquisite to feel
How Sorrow rives him with her hand of steel.
Thou brightest Fanny, softest, kindest soul,
Thou sway'd the Tragic Muse with high control;
And Venus kiss'd thy lips, and bath'd thy train
In purest nectar, but she bath'd in vain.
Child of the Graces, nursing of the Loves,
In houseless beggary poor Otway roves.
Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies.
A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes;
With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,
The damps of death his weary eye-lids seal.

Præfation.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row
and sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS OTWAY.

CONTAINING HIS

WINDSOR CASTLE,	EPISTLES,
POET'S COMPLAINT,	PROLOGUES,
PHAEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS,	EPILOGUES.
<i>&c. &c. &c.</i>	

But wherefore need I wander wide
By old Ilissus' verdant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst thy native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentle Otway's infant head;
To him thy call was shewn;
And, while he sung, the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.
Collins' Ode to Pity.

London :
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by W. Ridley, from an Original Painting.

OTWAY.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Sep. 20. 1796.

LIFE OF OTWAY.

THE Life of Thomas Otway, though he is one of the most distinguished names in the British Drama, affords very little that can give the biographer pleasure in relating, or the reader in perusing.

He was born at Trotton in Suffex, March 3d, 1651, the son of the Reverend Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolding in that County. He received his education at Winchester-school, and was entered a Commoner of Christ-church Oxford, in 1669, but left the university without a degree, whether from the circumscribed state of his finances, or impatience of academical restraint, is not known.

It seems probable that he was eager to mingle with the world, for he went to London and commenced actor, but found himself incapable of acquiring any reputation on the stage. In the *Roscius Anglicanus*, written by Downes, the prompter, we learn that it was the character of the King in Mrs. Behn's *Forced Marriage*, or the *Jealous Bridegroom*, which Otway attempted to perform and failed in. This event appears to have happened in the year 1671. On this circumstance Dr. Johnson has the following observation :

“ This kind of inability he shared with Shakespeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise some of their excellencies. It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty become a great actor: that he who can feel, could express; and that he who could excite passion, should exhibit with great readiness its external modes--But since experience has fully proved that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other, it must be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or a different use of the same faculty; that the actor must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may easily be supposed to want, or that the at-

tention of the poet and the player has been differently employed. The one has been considering and the other acting; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face."

Though Otway could not acquire much reputation as an actor, the sprightliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his wit gained him the favour of the Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural sons of Charles II. who procured him a Cornets commission in some troops which then served in Flanders. But Otway did not long retain his military character, for he soon left his commission behind him, and returned to London in extreme indigence, which *Rochester* mentions with merciless insolence in his *Session of the Poets*.

"Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
 "And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
 "Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 "That his minge was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
 "But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
 "And prudently did not think fit to engage
 "The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age.

As he felt such powers as might qualify him for a dramatic author, he exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory for the equally uncertain and more barren laurels of poetry, and soon discovered that writing for the stage was the principal employment that nature had fitted him for.

Accordingly, in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, he produced *Alcibiades*, a Tragedy, his first performance; whether from the *Alcibiades* of Palaprat is uncertain. *Don Carlos* from which he is represented as having received so much benefit, was performed the same year. It appears, by the Lampoon, to have great success, and is said to have run thirty nights. This however it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time, when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the audience, consisting nearly of the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety. In

In 1677 he produced *Titus and Berenice*, translated from Racine, with *The Cheats of Scapin* from Moliere, in 1678 *Friendship in Fashion*, a Comedy, which at its first representation met with success; but on its revival was hissed off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

Dr. Johnson with truth observes that "want of morals or of decency, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is said to have been at this time a favourite companion of the dissolute wits. But as he who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh; their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship." Men of wit, says one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great, but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty without the support of eminence.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that kept possession of the stage, and has pleased for more than a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. Dr. Johnson says of this play "nothing new can be said. It is a domestic tragedy, drawn from middle life; its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression; but if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed." The same year he produced *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the characters of young *Marius* and *Lavinia* are borrowed from the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakespeare.

In 1683 he produced *The Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which may have been popular when it was written, for licentiousness then polluted the court, the nation, and the stage; but it is now entirely laid aside.

In

In 1682 appeared his great dramatic work, *Venice Preserved*, a tragedy, which has long continued to be a favourite of the public, though there is not a virtuous character in it, but that of *Belvidera*, and the action is absurdly diversified by scenes of low comedy. So amazing, however, is the force of his skill in drawing the characters originally from nature, and in blending public and private virtues, that the distress of *Belvidera* melts every heart, and the ruffian on the wheel is as much an object of pity as if he had been brought down to that unhappy fate by some honourable action. By comparing this with his *Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetic. The striking passages are in every mouth, and the public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast.

In 1684 was exhibited *The Atheist*, or *The Second* part of *The Soldiers Fortune*, a comedy; which was his last dramatic performance, and is now deservedly neglected, like the other, for licentiousness.

Besides his plays, Otway published *The History of the Triumvirate*, a translation from the French, and the poems in the present collection. All this was performed before he was thirty four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which humanity shudders to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, by the barriers of the law, he retired to a public house, on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, and Otway.

way, going away, bought a roll, the first mouthful of which choked him, and put a period to his days. All this we hope, for the sake of humanity, is not true; and there is ground of better hope, as Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates, in *Spence's Memorials*, that he died of a fever, caught by violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of his death, it is certain that indigence and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, and sunk him to the grave.

His melancholy has been wept by many succeeding poets, with the genuine tears of sensibility, and particularly by Mr. Preston, in an *Epistle to a Young Gentleman*, dissuading him from the study of poetry, by a pathetic enumeration of the martyrs of the lyre.

“ The strings of woe when famish’d Otway bore,
 “ Oh! think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!
 “ Awake to mourn, and exquisite to feel
 “ How sorrow rives him with her hand of steel.
 “ Then brightest fancy, softest, kindest soul,
 “ There sway’d the tragic muse with high control;
 “ And Venus kiss’d thy lips, and bath’d thy strain
 “ In purest nectar; but she bath’d in vain.
 “ Child of the Graces; nursing of the Loves;
 “ In houseless beggary poor Otway roves.
 “ Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies,
 “ A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes;
 “ With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,
 “ The damps of death his weary eye-lids seal.”

Critics observe, that like Shakespeare and Rowe, the genius of Otway was chiefly adapted to dramatic composition, in which he stood unrivalled by his contemporaries, and has not been exceeded by his successors. His power upon the passions was unlimited, in his dramatic writing; but his reputation bears no degree of proportion, respecting his poems. Dr. Johnson observes, that he had not much cultivated versification, nor much replenished his mind with general knowledge. The longest of his poems is the *Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, written in the style and manner of the Pindaric Ode; the language is sometimes gross, and the versification frequently inharmonious. In his *Windfor Castle*, his loyalty is conspicuous, and many of the lines
 are

are entitled to praise. The *Epistle to Duke* has some sprightliness, and many pleasing flights of fancy; his principal power was in moving the passions, to which Dryden, in his latter years, left an illustrious testimony.

In fine, his tragedies are the foundation of his fame, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, as the pathetic passages are in every mouth, and every representation draws tears from the fairest eyes in the nation. He appears, by some of his verses, to have been a zealous royalist and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty;—he lived and died neglected.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN

KING CHARLES II.

OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
"Dumque thymo pascuntur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
"Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.
"Si canimus sylvas, sive sint Consule dignæ."

Virgil.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign King Charles II. of ever blessed Memory; and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince James II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following Poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name:
But that I, wanting fame, am sure of thine 5
To eternize this humble song of mine?
At least the memory of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend. 10
Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest, 15
Would never give its nursing father rest;
But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd; 20
Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,

Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
 And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;
 Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25
 Lent to our succour a forgiving hand,
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
 For gods have power to keep the balance even, 30
 Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
 Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
 Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
 Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
 And round the throne themselves in tumults spread, 35
 To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.
 By example this that godlike king once knew,
 And after, by experience, found too true.
 Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
 When he, our great deliverer, return'd; 40
 But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
 The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
 And when this land in blood he might have laid,
 Brought balsam for the wounds ourselves had made.
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies, 45
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Then matrons bless'd him as he pass'd along,
 And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:
 On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
 Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50
 The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
 As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
 Of nature generous, and of stedfast mind,
 To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
 Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55
 Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
 True to his friends, and watchful o'er his foes,
 And a just value upon each bestows:
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
 The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend.
 Now justly seated on th' imperial throne, 60
 In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
 Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
 Till all his foes their just confusion meet,
 And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet! 65

The second, for debates in council sit,
 Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit;
 To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
 Both men and books with curious search had read: 70
 Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
 And having form'd from all one curious piece,
 Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state.
 And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
 But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd, 75
 And never since seem'd perfectly pleas'd:

For oh! what pity, people blest'd as we
 With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
 Should so much of our old disease retain,
 To make us surfeit into slaves again! 80

Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
 And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
 Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
 Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.

Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, 85
 And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring chuse.
 Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
 Though much the lion in his bosom prest:

But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
 That his own passions knew him, and obey'd: 90
 Master of them, he soften'd his command,
 The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:

Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
 But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
 So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford 95
 One least perfection more, each had been ador'd.

Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
 Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave;
 The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
 Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god. 100

Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet still his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

In this great mind long be his cares resolv'd,
 And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd :
 Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd ; 105
 Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
 But oh !

Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.
 The elements due order here maintain, 110
 And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain :
 Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.
 But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,
 Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115
 Mistaking every noblest use of life,
 Left beauteous *Quiet*, that kind, tender wife,
 For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, *Strife*.
 The man in power, by wild ambition led,
 Envy'd all honours on another's head ; 120
 And to supplant some rival, by his pride
 Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.
 The priests, who humble temperance should possess,
 Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease ;
 So, with small labours in the vineyard shown, 125
 Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
 That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) law,
 Instead of doing right, and giving awe,
 Kept open lifts, and at the noisy bar,
 Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130
 Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
 Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
 Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,
 From false religions and corrupted laws ;
 Till so at last rebellions base was laid, 135
 And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel, whose surmounting power
 Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
 Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
 Nor faster could design than that foresee, 140
 Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
 From all its blackest arts, was with him now,

Affur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind.
By patience, mercies large, and many toils, 145
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,
Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars; 150
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,
Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies, 155
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid,
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my muse, what wonders thou didst find,
Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170

'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.

But, above all, within those lofty towers,
 Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
 Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face; 185
 'Twas gay, but yet majestic as the place;
 Tell then, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
 Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame, 190
 A reverend * dome there stands, where twice each day
 Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
 In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
 The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they sing.
 Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, 195
 From the first tables of the holy mount,
 To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
 Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
 Here speak, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. 200

Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
 Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
 Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
 I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
 When one approach'd who bore much sober grace, 205
 Order and ceremony in his face;
 A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
 A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
 His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
 Ready to open all to all that pay. 210
 This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
 My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
 Thus gently spoke: "Those banners ‡ rais'd on high,
 " Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
 " Which here their heroes with religion make, 215
 " When they the ensigns of this order take."
 Then in due method made me understand
 What honour fann'd St. George had done our land:
 What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove;
 Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love, 220

* St. George's Church.

† St. George's Chapel.

‡ Of the Knights of the Garter.

Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong suppress'd, and innocence from harms.

At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but show;

That oft bold villany had best success, 225
As if its use were more, nor merit less.

But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd,
Tell on, my muse, what wonders thou didst find.
Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind.

I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, * a cell, 230
Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,

The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.

Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey. 235

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;

The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:

The hero, levell'd in his humble grave, 240
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;

While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.

Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet; 245

Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;

But what is recompence? A short applause,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,

Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time, 250
Ere yet his virtue be become his pride;

Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his crime,

Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.

But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear

The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;
Whose mind no disappointment here can shake, 256

Who a true estimate of life does make,

* An old life in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried,
when another succeeds him.

Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end;
 So to that prospect still his thoughts do bend;
 Who, though his right a stronger power invade, 260
 Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave? 265

But if immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
 And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years, 275
 Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
 The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
 So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
 And they may rest, since † Norfolk there commands,
 Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285
 Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,
 Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth;
 Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd, 290
 And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
 Such strength without does every where abound,
 Within such glory and such splendor's found,
 As man's united skill had there combin'd
 T' express what one great genius had design'd. 295

* The Castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor Castle

‡ The House.

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made ;
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn ;
 But, at his call, from farthest nations came, 300
 While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
 Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,
 Rome never yet a work like this could boast :
 No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
 Nor ever were his nations half so blest : 305
 Though now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Here, as all nature's wealth to court him prest,
 Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
 Through all the lofty roofs * describ'd we find 310
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind :
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
 And only fit for † his who did perform.
 The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
 Equal to what in temples shin'd of old, 315
 Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas ;
 Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
 Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms :
 For when wars troubled her soft fountains there, 320
 She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here ;
 With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest
 As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
 Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
 Waste and confusion through the wretched world, 325
 To after-times leave a great hated name,
 The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame ;
 His country's father, through whose tender care,
 Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear ;
 Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes, 330
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize,
 But if submission brought her to his feet,
 With what true joy the penitent he'd meet !

* The Paintings done by † The Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.

How would his love still with his justice strive !
 How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive ! 335
 But now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise forever live, and laurels from it rise.
 Since after all those toils through which he strove
 By every art of most endearing love,
 For his reward he had his Britain found, 340
 The awe and envy of the nations round.
 Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
 Tell now what emulation may inspire,
 And warm each British heart with warlike fire ; 345
 Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,
 And by the painter's pencil guide my quill ;
 Describe that lofty monumental * hall,
 Where England's triumph's grace the shining wall,
 When she led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
 Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet, 351
 And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
 And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
 Here as a lesson may their eyes behold 555
 What their victorious fathers did of old ;
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
 Here may they see how good old † Edward sat,
 And did his ‡ glorious son's arrival wait, 360
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he came,
 Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
 Oh, for such laurels on another head !
 Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'ereloy'd with peace, 365
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
 And with no foreign education curst.
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
 Nor sent for softening into hotter air. 370

* Where St. George's Feast is kept.

† Edward III.

‡ The Black Prince.

Nor did they as now from fruitless travels come
 With follies, vices, and diseases home ;
 But in full purity of health and mind
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
 Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
 All means to such a noble end deny'd,
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord: 380
 But now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
 Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,
 The * temple by this hero built behold, 385
 Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold ;
 Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
 We think we see the heaven to which we pray ;
 So well the artist's hand has there declin'd
 The merciful redemption of mankind ; 390
 The bright ascension of the Son of God,
 When back through yielding skies to heaven he rode,
 With lightning round his head, and thunder where he
 Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given [trode
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven ; 395
 A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd ;
 With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
 Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.
 Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said, 400
 When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
 To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly reign.
 " Happy were they who could before him stand,
 " And saw the wisdom of his dress & command ;" 405
 For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest
 Of other nations Britain should be blest.
 Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
 Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight.

* The Chapel at the end of the hall.

Then to his throne in triumph him did bring, 415
Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.

But now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse. 415

Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,
They oft have by each other been supply'd.

Therefore, great man ! when next thy thoughts incline
The works of Fame, let this be the design :

As thou couldst great Charles's glory show, 420
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
The meeting of a numerous senate draw !
Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
And through the air let grinning Furies fly. 425

Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
To raise fell discord and intestine hate ;
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,
Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall) 430

'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall ;
There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
Till their infection to confusion grow ;
Till such bold tumults and disorders rise, [skies.
As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the threaten'd

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand, 435
His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand ;

To send abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down :
Unable to behold his dreaded ray, 440

Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away ;
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate to have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng, 445

Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
I have watch'd her only time to give the blow :
When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head ;

With them t' have pointed her destroying dart, 450
 And through the brain found passage to the heart.
 Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow
 On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
 On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
 And sent him to the sorrows of the grave! 455

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
 The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;
 How on his royal bed that woeful day
 The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king, 460
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
 Through many steady and well-manag'd years
 He'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears
 Which common mortals want the power to hide,
 When their mean souls and valued clay divide. 465
 He'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few:
 Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
 And grew so familiar with his destiny;
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate, 470
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
 Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
 While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
 To his poor mourning people left behind! 575
 But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,
 None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.
 For though a stubborn race, deserving ill,
 Yet would he shew himself a father still.
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480
 His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.
 Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
 And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
 And keep the foxes and the wolves away. 485

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
 And shew the wonders of fraternal love;
 How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
 The dying grasping the surviving hand;

How round each other's necks their arms they cast, 490
 Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd ;
 And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.
 Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,
 And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious pencil next display, 496
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
 With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground,
 And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by ;
 Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain ;
 How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
 With different lines of woe in every face ; 510
 With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming eyes,
 And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.
 At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear ;)
 Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
 Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love :
 Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,
 (For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh) ? 520
 Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
 With looks of beauteous sadness, like her own,
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525
 So any farther sad description shun.
 Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,
 'T would make all gazers on thy art fall dead ;

And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
 Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow. 530
 Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
 To draw a prospect now of clearer air.
 Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
 And there the embryos of time display ;
 The forms of many smiling years to come, 535
 Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb ;
 Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
 To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.
 Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
 Place too the charming partner of it there. 540
 O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
 And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head ;
 In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
 But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
 Then from the different corners of the earth 545
 Describe applauding nations coming forth,
 Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
 And own auspicious omens from his reign.
 Set at long distance his contracted foes
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose ; 550
 Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,
 And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.
 But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
 The poor man's chearful toils, the rich man's ease ;
 Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555
 Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep ;
 There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,
 Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields ;
 Or shelter'd from the scorplings of the sun,
 Their labours ended, and repast begun ; 560
 Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did raise,
 Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.
 Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
 Where contemplation best may pass her hours :
 Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts, 565
 Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
 Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
 Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame.

Known for the man who from his youthful years,
 By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears ; 570
 Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
 When an ungrateful people's cause he fought ;
 When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,
 Who in return would have his rights destroy'd :
 But heaven such injur'd merit did regard 575
 (As heaven in time true virtue will reward) ;
 So to a throne by Providence he rose,
 And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
 'Twas but for one half-hour ;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease ;
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O ! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast, 10
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest. 12



THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE :
OR,
A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

“ si quid habent veri vatum præfagia, vivam.”

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,

BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge; and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now); yet truth and honour are things which your lordship needs must be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a

second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have, in his calamities, stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.



O D E

TO a high hill, where never yet stood tree,
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing air)
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care, 5
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
 A wandering bard, whose Muse has crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down.
 'Twas far from any path, but where the earth 10
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
 When by the word it first was made,
 Ere God had said,
 Let grass, and herbs, and every green thing grow,
 With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so. 15
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast;
 Where we are told Peace only's found at last:
 And as he did its hopeless distance see, 20
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
 The distance of his future joy
 Had been enough to give him pain alone;
 But who can undergo, 25
 Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe!
 Down his afflicted face
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast apace,
 As left a path worn by their briny race
 Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well- 30
 Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
 Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
 Itself) lay rack'd, and shaking with his pain.
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside to see, 35
 What the sad cause could be [high,
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so

On me he fix'd his eyes. - I crav'd,
 Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend :
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
 My much lov'd friend, so down I sat,
 And begg'd that I might share his fate :
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale :
 45

III.

I am a wretch of honest race ;
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were :
 They left me heir to no disgrace.
 My father was (a thing now rare)
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair :
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I ;
 Alone I liv'd their much lov'd fondled boy :
 They gave me generous education ; high
 They strove to raise my mind ; and with it grew their
 joy.
 55
 The sages that instructed me in arts
 And knowledge, oft' would praise my parts,
 And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
 When I was call'd to a dispute,
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute :
 Yet never envy did disjoin
 Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
 Thus my first years in happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did taste :
 But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.
 65
 As I lay loosely on my bed,
 A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
 And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
 A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
 Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
 Pierc'd through my ears : Arise, thy good Senander's
 dead,
 70
 It shook my brain, and from their feast my frightened
 senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
 And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with succeeding years. 75
 The world was wide, but whither should I go?
 I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
 Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
 To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
 Where Fortune's general game is play'd; 80
 Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
 But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
 My forward spirit prompted me to find
 A converse equal to my mind:
 But by raw judgment easily misled, 85
 (As giddy callow boys
 Are very fond of toys)
 I mis'd the brave and wise, and in their stead,
 On every sort of vanity I fed. 89
 Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
 Bullies of o'ergrown bulk and little souls,
 Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as think
 Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
 Are gallantry and wit,
 Because to their lewd understandings fit) 95
 Where those wherewith two years at least I spent,
 To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;
 Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
 I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms, 100
 T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart;
 Or, when she had him in her arms,
 Secur'd his love with greater art.
 I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
 No beauty, with my Muse's might compare. 105
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,
 Awful, yet kind; severe yet fair.
 Upon her head a crown she bore,
 Of laurel, which she told me should be mine;

And round her ivory neck she wore 110
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
 With jewels and with gold,
 Numberless to be told ;
 Which in imagination as I did behold,
 And lov'd and wonder'd more and more, 115
 Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
 Riches which never poet had before.
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
 By royal favour, and by endless fame ;
 But never told 120
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
 Thus, by the arts of this most sly
 Deluder, was I caught ;
 To her bewitching bondage brought.
 Eternal constancy we swore 125
 A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er :
 And as we did in our entrancements lie,
 I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
 No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond 130
 When first his pusillage he lost,
 Or could of half my pleasure boast ;
 We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, closets, fields, and groves, 135
 Bore witness of our daily loves ;
 And on the bark of ev'ry tree
 You might the marks of our endearments see.
 Distiches, posies, and the pointed bits
 Of satire (written when a poet meets 140
 His Muse's caterwauling fits)
 You might on ev'ry rhind behold, and swear
 I and my Clio had been at it there.
 Nay, by my Muse too, I was blest
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds, 145
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best.

But in this most transporting height,
 Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ; 150
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone ;
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone ;
 I try'd if I a verse could frame :
 Oft I, in vain, invok'd my Clio's name.
 The more I strove, the more I fail'd, 155
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curs'd my dull skull, and
 rail'd,
 Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the
 last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,
 No trav'ling matron in her child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son, 160
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
 Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
 Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.
 I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
 And swore I'd never write again, 165
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
 But when my reck'ning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;
 I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
 I did myself undo, 170
 Had robb'd me of my dearest store,
 My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
 I straight to council call'd ; 175
 Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
 I had cashier'd, to please my flatt'ring fair.
 To me with readiness he did repair.
 Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find
 Experience had restor'd him to my mind ; 180
 And loyally did to me shew
 How much himself he did abuse,
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treache-
 rous Muse.

I ask'd the causes why. He said,
 'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid 185
 When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd
 To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,
 Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell,
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
 And where wit's lusty, shining god 190
 Keeps his choice seraglio.
 So whilst our fortune smiles our thoughts aspire,
 Pleasure and fame's our business and desire,
 Then, too, if we find
 A promptness in the mind, 195
 The Muse is always ready, always kind.
 But if th' old harlot Fortune once denies
 Her favour, all our pleasures and rich fancy dies.
 And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse, too from
 us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due! 200
 And as right search into myself I made,
 I found all he had said
 Was very honest, very true.
 O how I hugg'd my welcome friend;
 And much my muse I could not discommend! 205
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.
 Then, to confirm me more,
 He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes; 210
 See here, my son, said he, the valued prize,
 Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.
 I look'd, and saw the rampart tawdry queen,
 With a more horrid train
 Than ever yet to satire lent a tale, 215
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
 The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
 In which he wrote his Sodom farce;
 A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite, 220
 To ruin and disgrace it quite.

Philosophers of old did so express
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.
 Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote. 225
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
 By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
 The other birds have hooted him from light;
 Much buffering has made him love the night,
 And only in the dark he strays; 230
 Still wretch enough to live: with worse fools spends
 his days,
 And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.
 The next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
 Lord Lampoon, and Monsieur Song,
 Who fought her love, and promis'd for't, 235
 To make her famous at the court.
 The city poet too was there,
 In a black satin cap and his own hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the honour
 To beget a pageant on her 240
 For the city's next lord mayor.
 Her favours she to none deny'd:
 They took her all by turns aside.
 Till at the last up in the rear there came
 The Poet's scandal, and the Muse's shame. 245
 A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name:
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he
 now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
 Down in an obscure vale, 250
 'Midst fogs, and fens, where mists and vapours rise,
 Where never sun was seen by eyes,
 Under a desert wood,
 Which no man own, but all wild beasts were bred,
 And kept their horid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
 An ill-pil'd cottage stood, 256
 Built of men's bones, slaughter'd in civil war,
 By magic art brought thither from afar,

There liv'd a widow'd witch,
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn, 260
 Like one whom wants and care had worn ;
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
 Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride :
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctified. 265
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;
 And when she curs'd she seem'd to pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy drefs,
 And bore the name of godliness ;
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace. 270
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward shew most lamb-like and divine ;
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they all had by heart ;
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part, 276
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure. 280
 Though not to paint, she'd arts to change the face,
 And alter it in heavenly fashion,
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well known fame, 285
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name :
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us !) the good
 old cause.

X.

A time there was (a sad one too)
 When all things wore the face of woe, 290
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
 And a destroying angel was sent down,
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquer-
 ing hand :

Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grafs 295
 Grew of great stalk, its colour grofs,
 And melancholic poisonous green ;
 Like those coarſe ſickly weeds on an old dunghill ſeen,
 Where ſome murrain-murder'd hog,
 Poiſon'd cat, or ſtrangled dog, 300
 In rottenneſs had long unbury'd laid,
 And the cold ſoil productive made.
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare ;
 And as our deſtiny they ſeem'd t' unfold, 305
 Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
 That dire commiſſion ended, down there came
 Another angel, with a ſword of flame :
 Deſolation ſoon he made,
 And our new Sodom low in aſhes laid. 310
 Diſtractions and diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
 When, in her pious old diſguiſe,
 This witch, with all her miſchief-making train,
 Began to ſhew herſelf again.
 The ſons of Old Rebellion ſtraight ſhe ſummon'd all ;
 Straight they were ready at her call : 316
 Once more th' old bait before their eyes ſhe caſt,
 That and her love they long'd to taſte ;
 And to her luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore) 320
 Was led aſtray, and had pollutions with his father's
 whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In ſafety from obſerving eyes,
 Th' old ſtrumpet did herſelf diſguiſe
 In comely weeds, and to the city went, 325
 Affect'd truth, much modeſty, and grace,
 And, like a worn out ſuburb trull, paſs'd there for a
 new face.
 Thither all her lovers flock'd,
 And there for her ſupport ſhe found 329
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much doth ſound,
 With all ingredients for his buſineſs ſtock'd

Not unlike him whose story has a place
 In the annals of Sir Hudibras.
 Of all her business he took care,
 And every knave or soul that to her did repair 335
 Had by him admittance there.
 By his contrivance to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the court.
 Those whose ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill manners had preferments lost, 340
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,
 Lay nearest to her heart, and ofteneft in her arms.
 Interest in every faction, every sect, she fought;
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought
 All those who use religion for a fashion, 345
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains
 To make their godliness their gains,
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
 She by her art ensnar'd and fetter'd in her chains.
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,
 The rebel power, the beggar'd spendthrift lands, 351
 Out of the king's or bishop's hands.
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
 Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress 355
 Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
 Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
 With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning
 pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
 Till at the last she pregnant grew, 360
 And from her womb, in little time brought forth,
 This monstrous and detested birth.
 Of children born with teeth we've heard,
 And some like comets with a beard;
 Which seem'd to be forerunners of dire change; 365
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch queen,
 A form like this, so hideous and so strange.

To help whose mother in her pains there came
Many a well-known dame.

370

The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
And Madam Impudence the fair :
Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
And raise commotions in a jealous state, 375
Was there, and Malice, queen of far spread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was she that first took up the babe, 380
And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears :
To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
To the blest family of Pryn. 385

But Scandal offered to depose her word,
Or oath, her father was a lord.
The nose was ugly, long, and big,
Broad and snouty, like a pig ;
Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig ; 390
Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful youth to make him,
To nurse he straight was sent 395
To a sister-witch, though of another sort,
One who profess'd no good, nor any meant ;
All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept,
Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,
A little smoky mansion of her own, 400
Where her familiars to her did resort,
A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god ;
And many an ugly loathsome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd. 405
Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
 Sprawling nests of little cats ;
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
 To make her spells succeed, and good. 410
 Still at her shrivell'd breasts they hung, whene'er man-
 kind she curst,
 And with these foster-brethren was our monster nurs'd.
 In little time the hell-bred brat
 Grew plump and fat,
 Without his leading strings could walk, 415
 And (as the forceress taught him) talk.
 At seven years old he went to school,
 Where first he grew a foe to rule.
 Never would he learn as taught,
 But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.
 Not that he wanted parts 421
 T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts ;
 But, as negligent as fly,
 Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
 (By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie, 425
 And was obstinately dull.
 Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot
 (And th' influence of the ill-genius of our land)
 At last in part began to understand.
 Some insight in the Latin tongue he got ; 430
 Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
 For which his guardians all think fit,
 In compliment to his most hopeful wit,
 He should be sent to learn the laws, 434
 And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
 As by Nature he was bent
 To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,
 A wretch's converse much he did frequent :
 One who this world, as that did him, disown, 440
 And in an unfrequented corner, where
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
 He led his hated life.

Needy, and e'en of necessaries bare,
 No servant had he, children, friend, or wife: 445
 But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and be-
 liev'd no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
 With which of beggars scraps he bought.
 Then from a neighbouring fountain water got, 450
 Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
 He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
 The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
 Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept:
 And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept; 455
 Old worn out statutes, and records
 Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
 But bound up by themselves with care were laid
 All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
 By the old long Rump-parliament, 460
 Through all the changes of its government:
 From which with readiness he could debate
 Concerning matters of the state,
 All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

XV.

His friendship much our monster sought 465
 By instinct, and by inclination too:
 So without much ado
 They were together brought.
 To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he
 taught.
 He learn'd of him all goodness to detest; 470
 To be ashamed of no disgrace;
 In all things but obedience to be beast;
 To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.
 He taught him to call government a clog,
 But to bear beatings like a dog: 475
 T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,
 But to profess them all for a pretence,
 Fraught with these morals, he began
 To complete him more for man:

Distinguish'd to him in an hour 480
 'Twixt legislative and judicial power;
 How to frame a commonwealth,
 And democracy, by stealth :
 To palliate it at first, and cry,
 'Twas but a well mixt monarchy, 485
 And treason *salus populi* :
 Into rebellion to divide the nation,
 By fair committees of association;
 How by a lawful means to bring
 In arms against himself the king, 490
 With a distinguishing old trick,
 'Twixt persons natural and politic ;
 How to make faithful servants traitors,
 Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
 And at last troopers adjutators. 495
 Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
 Of such like wordy, canting stuff,
 Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
 A leader in a factious crew.
 Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke, 500
 And swell'd with every word he spoke,
 By which becoming saucy grace,
 He gain'd authority and place :
 By many for preferments was thought fit,
 For talking treason without fear or wit ; 505
 For opening failings in the state ;
 For loving noisy and unsound debate,
 And wearing of a myttical green ribband in his hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
 He very dreadful grew, 510
 But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
 And th' hero to his distaff drew,
 His foes that found him saw he was but man.
 So when my faithless Clio by her snare
 Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him
 there, 515
 At once to hate and scorn him I began ;

To see how foolishly she'd drest,
 And for diversion trick'd the beast,
 He was poetry all o'er,
 On ev'ry side, behind, before : 520
 About him nothing could I see,
 But party-colour'd poetry.
 Painter's devices, litanies,
 Ballads, and all the spurious excess
 Of ills that malice could devise, 525
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
 Hung round about him like a spell :
 And in his own hand too was writ,
 That worthy piece of modern wit,
 The country's late appeal. 530
 But from such ills when will our wretched state
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?
 'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
 Of a huge dragon sent by fate
 To lay a sinful kingdom waste : 435
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast :
 Till wretched matrons curst their womb,
 So hardly was their loss endur'd ;
 The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs 540
 In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were
 cur'd.
 Till, like our monster too, and with the same
 Curst ends, to the metropolis he came ;
 His cruelties renew'd again,
 And every day a maid was slain. 545
 The curse through every family had past,
 When to the sacrifice at last,
 Th' unhappy monarchs only child must bow :
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal bro-
 ther now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will pray ; 550
 On him has cast
 His sordid venom, and profan'd
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,

Which shall for ever stand
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last, 555
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
 Else tell me why, some prophet that is wise,
 Heaven took such care
 To make him ev'ry thing that's rare,
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes. 560
 Why do all good men blest him as he goes?
 Why at his presence shrink his foes?
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
 Why through the world is he to be distinguish'd most
 By titles, which but few can boast, 565
 A most just master, and a faithful friend?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of him what orphan can complain?
 Of him what widow make her moan? 570
 But such as wish him here again,
 And miss his goodness now he's gone,
 If this be (as I'm sure 'tis) true;
 Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the world's esteem, 575
 Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men
 friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful country's sake,
 What dangers or what labours did they ever shun?
 Or what wonders has not done? 580
 Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
 Then did the English lion roar,
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay, 585
 Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
 Of Britain's honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threatening comet shin'd;
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;
 But constant as the stars that never move, 590
 Or as women would have love.

The trembling genius of their state
 Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his head,
 To see our daring banners spread :
 Whilst in their harbours they
 Like batt'n'd monsters weltering lay ;
 The winds, when ours th' had kill'd, scorn'd with
 their flags to play ;
 But, drooping like their captain's hearts,
 Each pendant, every streamer hung ;
 The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts ;
 Their ships at anchor now, of which we had heard
 them boast,
 With ill furl'd sails and rattling loose, by every bil-
 low tost,
 Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;
 Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came ,
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave,
 Seldom true, and now not brave :
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,
 And ran away in the goodnatur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.
 To him then every heart was open, down
 From the great man to the clown :
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ;
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,
 Each honest fellow cry'd, fill full my glass ;
 And shew'd the fulness of his mind.
 No discontented vermin of ill times
 Durst then affront him but in show ;
 Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes ;
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
 And whose heart would not wish so too,
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous misfed foes
 Against him rose.
 With what heroic grace

He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
 True witness of the innocence within. 630
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring
 For his retreat to foreign land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
 If in his heart regret did rise, 635
 It never scap'd his tongue or eyes;
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 Sad as the business, sullen too 640
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The court, whence pleasure us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
 Desolate was every room, 645
 Where men for news and business us'd to come;
 With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd
 In corners, and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
 When he must part: his last short time was spent 650
 In leaving blessings on his children dear:
 To them with eager haste and love he went;
 The eldest first embraced,
 As new-born day in beauty bright,
 But sad in mind as deepest night; 655
 What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them past,
 Till grief too close upon them crept;
 So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the father in his breast did rise,
 When on the next he fix'd his eyes, 660
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty charms;
 And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay, 665
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
 The appointed time was almost past,
 Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid him
 haste
 To seek a foreign home ; 670
 The summons he resolv'd t' obey,
 Disdaining of his suffering to complain,
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain ;
 So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting throng, 675
 That blest him, and about him hung.
 A weight his gen'rous heart could hardly bear ;
 But for the comfort that was near,
 His beauteous mate, the fountain of his joys,
 That fed his soul with love ; 680
 The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
 To which all wordly blessings else are toys.
 I saw them ready for departure stand ;
 Just when approach'd the Monarch of our land,
 And took the charming mourner by the hand : 685
 T' express all noblest offices he strove,
 Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.
 Then down to the shore side,
 Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
 With solemn pace they pass'd, 690
 And there so tenderly embrac'd,
 All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
 And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart.
 Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
 Turn'd round to face their fate ; 795
 She, ev'n amidst afflictions, fair,
 He, though oppress'd, still great.
 Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,
 Where, as the troubled fair-one to the shore some
 wishes sent 700
 For that dear pledge she'd left behind,
 And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
 She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,

Which, as upon her cheek they lay
The happy hero kifs'd away, 705
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and smil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high swoln Thames;
The well struck oars lave up the yielding streams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing stood;
Till they were got into the wider flood; 710
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore. 712



PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

The Argument.

Theseus, the son of Aægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so, together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where, being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

IF thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
 Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy;
 Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
 Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
 Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move; 5
 By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
 Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
 Upon my fault'ring tongue abortive dy'd;
 Long shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
 But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
 'Tis dangerous to resist the pow'r of Love, 11
 The gods obey him, and he's king above;
 He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
 And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
 Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine 15
 Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
 Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,
 Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
 But love long breeding to worst pain does turn:
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn! 20
 As the young bull, or courser, yet untam'd,
 When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd;
 So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
 No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
 When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
 But in our riper years with rage we love. 26
 To thee I yield, then, all my dear renown,
 And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
 On the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows? 30

But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd ?
Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run ;
'Tis not a sin but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should Juno leave her Jove to me, 35
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee :
Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddess too, because she's thine ; 40
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart ; then, the chase ended, lye
Stretch'd on the grass, and wouldst not thou be by ?
Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride, 45
And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay :
E'en mad as those the deities of night 50
And water, Fauns and Dryads do affright,
But still each little interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all. 55
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame ?
She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
The faithless Theseus, by my sister's aid, 60
The monster slew, and a safe conquest made :
Now, in that family, my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave :
'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee. 65
Let monuments of triumph then be shewn
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid ;



OTWAY.

Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came
And to a bull transform'd enjoy'd the dame.

Vide Phædra to Hippolytus. Page 50.

Engraved for C. Cooke. March 4 1797.

Painted by T. Kirk and Engraved by J. Scagle.

'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain, 70
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein :
 White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erispread :
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms : 75
 I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair ;
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart, 80
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art :
 To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
 And all thou doest is lovely in my sight :
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine. 85
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none ?
 That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long ;
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow, 90
 Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
 And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
 Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old age, for youth like thine. 95
 Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy ;
 Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught :
 Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair ; 100
 Where love's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
 With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
 Where on each side the beating billows rise, 105
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
 More bless'd and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away
 At Thessaly, where always let him stay

With his Perithoüs, whom well I see 110
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
 Nor has he only thus express'd his hate :
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight :
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,
 'Then from my sister falsely ran away, 115
 And left expos'd to ev'ry beast a prey :
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
 Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight, 121
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right :
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault :
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains, 125
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled ?
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames ;
 Mother and son are notions, very names 130
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men ;
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
 And with his sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove, 135
 When we express it in the closest love.
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd ;
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
 A mother's kindness, to a grateful son. 140
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
 T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love this way !
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray
 But in one house, as heretofore we'll live ;
 In public, kisses take : in public, give ; 145
 Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause :
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd ;
 So may my tyrant love to thee be kind,

For this I am a humble suppliant grown ;
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone ?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right ;
 Now on my own I crawl to clasp thy knees ;
 What's decent no true lover cares or sees :
 Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
 But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,
 And then some pity on my sufferings take.
 What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies ;
 Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies ;
 What though my father's fire in beams drest gay
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day ;
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king :
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
 So may'st thou never love a scornful fair ;
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
 And every wood afford thee game to kill ;
 So may the mountain gods, and satyrs all
 Be kind ; so may the boar before thee fall ;
 So may the water nymphs in heat of day,
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay,
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine,
 Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine.



EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE.

MY much lov'd friend, when thou art from my
eyes,

How do I loath the day, and light despise !

Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest;

For though it bring small ease, it hides at least ;

Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,

'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee. 5

Last night methought (heaven make the next as kind!)

Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd

As our first parent in their Eden were,

Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care ; 10

We two together wander'd through a grove,

'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,

Mild as our friendship, springing as our love ;

Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,

And sung their joyful songs of liberty ;

While through the gladsome choir well pleas'd we 15
walk'd,

And of our present valu'd state thus talk'd :

How happy are we in this sweet retreat ?

Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great ?

Who for preferments, at a court would wait,

Where every gudgeons nibbling at the bait ? 20

What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,

Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,

That throng and crowd each other for a taste

Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste ;

When the wide river he behind him sees,

Where he may launch to liberty and ease ?

No cares or business here disturb our hours,

While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,

In cool delight and innocence we stray,

And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day ; 30

Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,

Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,

Just as the sun, declining with his beams,

Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams ; 35

Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
 And roll in wanton liberty away.
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep, 40
 And sing their vespers e'er they go to sleep :
 There we two lie, between us may be's spread
 Some books, few understand, tho' many read.
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more. 45
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd :
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms, 50
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire ;
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
 And love their friendship, so much like our own. 55
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well ?
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd 60
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd :
 A generous bottle and a lovesome she,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee :
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight, 65
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there.
 Dear Beverley, kind as parting lover's tears,
 Adderley, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilton, professing friendship yet a friend, 70
 Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good ;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down, 75

With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
What joys in every heart, and every face!
The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
With choicest meats at least, though not with store:
Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train, 80
Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass.
Then down we sit, while every genius tries
T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice: 85
No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night.
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll part,
Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his silent bed, 90
Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;
Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
At dawn of morning to renew delight, 95
So quiet craving love, till the next night:
Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
And to our books our earliest visit make;
Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all: 100
While the poor under faculties resort,
And to her fickle majesty make court;
The understanding first comes plainly clad,
But usefully; no entrance to be had.
Next comes the will, that bully of the mind, 105
Follies wait on him in a troop behind:
He meets reception from the antic queen,
Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when
Attended by those fine dress'd gentlemen.
Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows, 110
And into court with resolute virtue goes;
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook; 115

When waking as I cast my eyes around,
Nothing but old loathed vanities I found ;
No grove, no freedom, and, what's worse to me,
No friend ; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care 120
Were seiz'd ; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer :

Gods ! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world : 125
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what's needful, and at night soft ease ;
The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as you can, 130
Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man ;
To be by fools mislead, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I ask or take 't away. 133



TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

SIR, when your book the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
 Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake 5
 The power of English verse to undertake.
 This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
 T' out-do the expectations of mankind;
 Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
 Envy's pleas'd, and prejudice disarm'd: 10
 For when the rich original we peruse,
 And by it try the metal you produce,
 Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
 Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose, 15
 And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
 But when in rugged way we find him rein
 His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain; 20
 There the advantage he receives is found,
 By you taught temper, and to chuse his ground.
 Next, his philosophy you've so express'd
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dress'd,
 Those murderers that now mingle it all day 25
 In schools may learn from you the easy way
 To let us know what they would mean and say:
 If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
 To wave for once that statute in their case.
 Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire, 30
 And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong,
 He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
 In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should fail,
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale: 35
 So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.

You're only able to retrieve his doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome :
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood ; 40
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame ;
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shews their poetry so much in you.
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle, 45
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse ;
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
 Would Plautus, Terence, e'er have been so lewd
 T' have drest Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd ? 50
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call ? 55
 No, since we live in such a fulsome age,
 When nonsense loads the press, and choaks the stage ;
 When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,
 And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause, 60
 Proclaim the right, and to maintain their laws
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue ;
 That so each chattering dave, who aims at song,
 In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
 What engines yet are wanting in his head 65
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,
 For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
 Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
 And senselessly, as squirrels jingle bells. 70
 Such things, Sir, here abound ; may therefore you
 Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true !
 May our defects be by your pow'rs supply'd,
 Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride ;
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
 The majesty of poetry return ! 76

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury and ease,
 Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
 When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,
 And on the rest their dire infection shed;
 Our great physician, who the nature knew
 Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
 He cast his searching eye's o'er all the frame,
 And finding whence before one sickness came,
 How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
 Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
 Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
 You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.

When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
 New form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,
 Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
 See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
 Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
 Think on the blood was shed for you before,
 And curse the parricides that thirst for more.
 His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
 Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
 Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
 He wears a sword will justify your love.
 With blood still ready for your good t'expend,
 And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
 His duteous loyalty before you lay,
 And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.
 Think what he's borne, your quiet to restore;
 Repent your madness, and rebel no more.

No more let Boutezeus hope to lead petitions,
 Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
 Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.

EPILOGUE.

61

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours, 35
 What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd?

They're mal-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd :
 And when the horned herd's together got,
 Nothing portends a common-wealth like that. 40

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
 Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood :
 Renounce your priests of Baal, with amen faces,
 Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows post, 45
 In recompence th' original was lost :

At these, illustrious repentance pay,
 In his kind hands your humble offerings lay :
 Let loyal pardon be by him implor'd,
 Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord : 50

He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
 A people's folly, and rous'd monarch's rage.
 An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
 Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
 He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home : 55

Send all your wishes with him, let the air
 With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
 The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair :
 Let the illustrious mother touch our land
 Mildly, as hereafter may her son command ; 60
 While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
 With kind assurance she shall part no more.

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
 And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
 So live and grow a constant pledge to stand,
 Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land. 66



SPOKEN TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
ON HER
RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,
IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore, 5
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more !
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see,
From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon ! 10
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd :
From whom our present peace we expect increas'd 15
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care : bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy :
And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong ;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them long ;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand, 21
Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering sword within his hand :
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France. 26



PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
 You care as little what the poets teach
 As you regard at church what parsons preach. 5
 But where such follies and such vices reign,
 What honest pen has patience to refrain?
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there, 10
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,
 And run so very evenly your race,
 Y'improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
 It must be so; some dæmon has possess'd 15
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.
 Y'have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
 Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore, 20
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
 Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown, 25
 Though still the cunning devil sav'd his own:
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us; 30
 From silken doctor, homespun Ananias:
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
 And fills the heads of fools with politics.
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest, 35
 To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.

Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er; 41
But whoe'er paid for a sham treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrator's Hall?
I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money. 46



PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

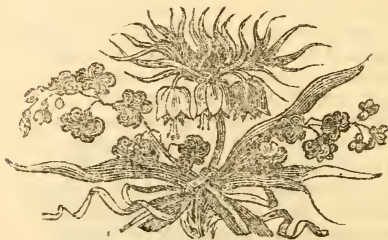
WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
 Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
 That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
 When it saw all, and said that all was good, 5
 The creature poet was not understood:
 For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
 To mould retailers of dull third day plays,
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of bays?
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation, 10
 But came by mere equivocal generation?
 Like rats in ships, without coition bred,
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing poets, less by poets known. 15
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting whoremasters are not
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,
 Than fumbling itching rhymers of the town 20
 T' adopt some base-born song that's not their own.
 Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,
 To please the importunity of friends.
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit; 25
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,
 Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.
 The poet and the whore alike complains
 Of trading quality, that spoils their gains;
 The lords will write, and ladies will have swains! 30
 Therefore all you who have male issue born
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
 Tell them how Spencer starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
 How Butler's faith and service was return'd; 36

And if such warning they refuse to take,
This last experiment, O parents make!
With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,
The parish whip and beadle by his side ;
Then lead him to some stall that does expose
The authors he loves most ; there rub his nose,
Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know-command,
He by the due correction understand,
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land ;
Till he against his nature learn to strive,
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

43

45

47



ODE.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights, 5
 Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and power too weak we find,
 To quell the tumults of the mind; 10
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
 Happy the man with little blest,
 Of what his father left possess'd:
 No base desires corrupt his head, 15
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun? 20
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day, 25
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd:
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
 Another's lingering death comes slow; 30
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease, 35
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.

For me, a little cell I chuse,
 Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn,
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

40

THE BEGINNING OF
 A PASTORAL,
 ON THE
 DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
 And thus disturbs the shepherd's peaceful reign?
 A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
 Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
 The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray, 5
 The early larks forsake their wand'ring way,
 And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
 Each nymph possess'd with a distracted fear,
 Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.
 Diseases with her strong convulsions reign, 10
 And deities, not known before to pain,
 Are now with apoplectic seizures slain.
 Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
 Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.
 Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away, 15
 To weep and mourn let us together stay:
 O'er all the universe let it be spread,
 That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
 The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, 20
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal
 Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly [sleep!
 Aloft, where the soft milky way does lie;
 Mopsus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
 Shall join with you, and thither waft our king. 25
 Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in notes through all th' Arcadian plain,
 The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, [sleep
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

5

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold,
 But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
 For wealth, and not desert;
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

10

15

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
 I for my bliss contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Alas, Sylvia! thus vain you strive
 To act a healers part:
 'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart.

20

When on my lonely pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast,
 Her cruelty all ease denies:
 With some sad dream I start;
 All drown'd with tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.

25

30

Then, rising, through the path I rove,
That leads me where she dwells,
Where, to the senseless waves, my love
Its mournful story tells ;
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
Till morning bids depart ;
Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

35

40

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told ;
For every lovely generous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

45

48

FINIS.

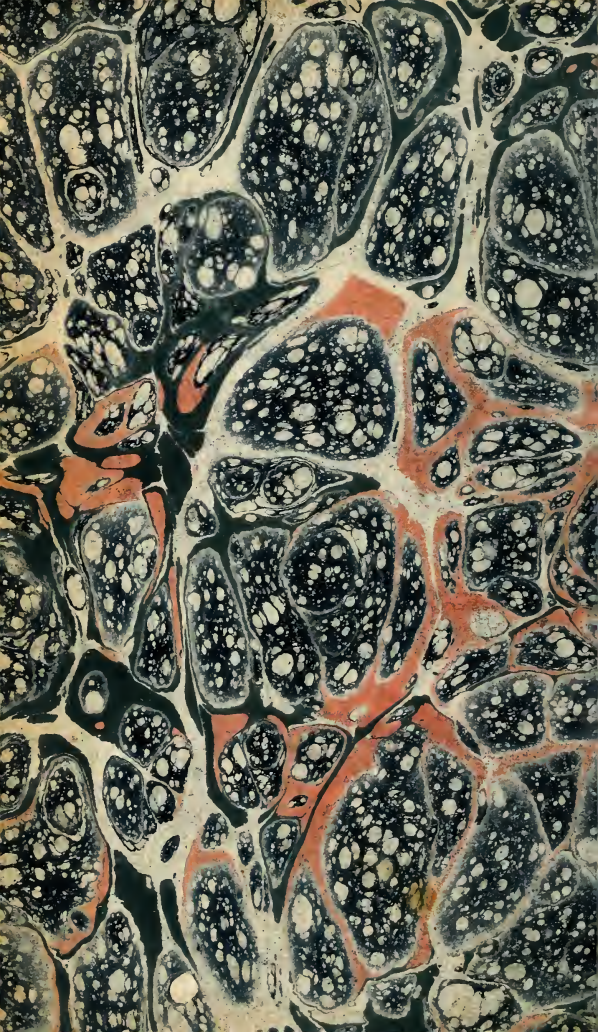


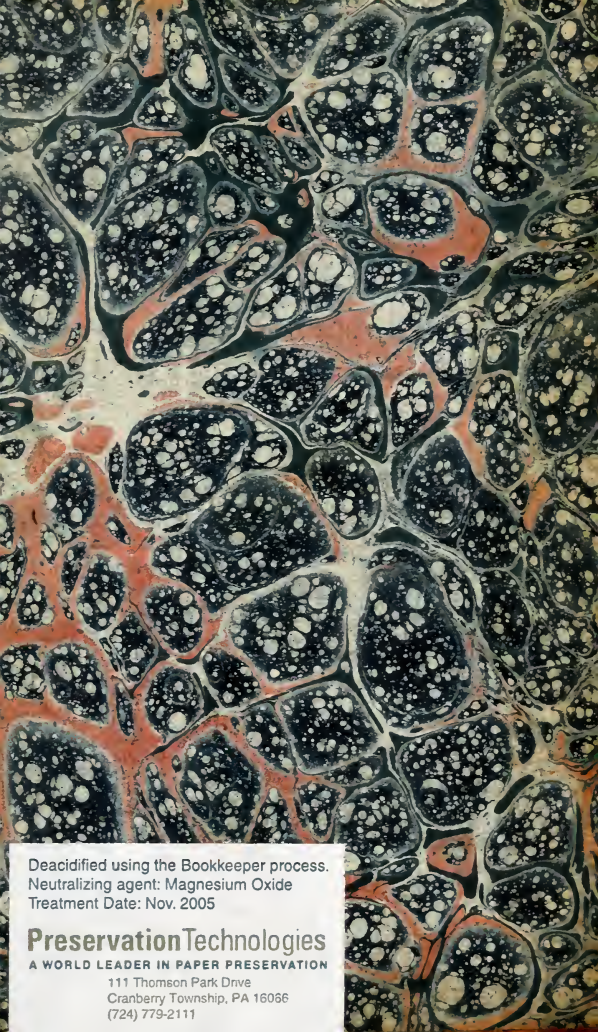
CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Life of the Author,	5
Windſor Caſtle,	11
The Enchantment,	26
The Poet's Complaint of his Muſe ; or a Satire againſt Libels,	27
Ode,	29
Phædra to Hippolytus,	49
Epistle to Mr. Duke,	54
To Mr. Creech, on his Tranſlation of Lucretius	58
Epilogue, ſpoken upon his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York coming to the Theatre, Fri- day, April 21, 1682,	60
Spoken to her Royal Highneſs on her Return from Scotland in the Year 1682,	62
Prologue to Mrs. Behn's City Heireſs,	63
Prologue to N. Lee's Conſtantine the Great,	65
The Sixteenth Ode of the Second Book of Horace,	67
The Beginning of a Paſtoral on the Death of his late Majeſty,	68
The Complaint, a Song,	69









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

